THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

PARLIAMENT adjourned on Tuesday for the Easter recess, which is to last until Monday week. We have dealt on another page with the extraordinary state in which the business of the House of Commons has been left. If the country wishes for an object-lesson in feeble mismanagement of its affairs it has but to look at the condition of Parliamentary work at the present moment. There have been no public speeches of the first importance during the week, though there have been many utterances on both sides. The platform, indeed, has been doing its full part in the guidance and formation of public opinion, and next week, despite the holidays, the struggle will be continued. The most gratifying feature of the general political situation is the great advance which has been made within the last few weeks in Liberal preparations for the General Election. We are glad to note that a good local candidate has come forward in opposition to MR. JACKSON in North Leeds. MR. JACKSON'S personal qualities have made him a general favourite in the House of Commons, but it would have been something like a scandal if either the present or the late Irish Secretary were allowed a walk over in a contest which must turn almost entirely upon the Irish policy of the Government. Indications in North Leeds are, moreover, very favourable to the Liberal party.

MR. GOSCHEN'S Budget speech this year is at least more interesting than the Budget itself. The future historian of social life may draw all kinds of inferences from it—ranging from the growth of pessimism and nervous depression (as shown by the substitution of British spirits for wine and beer) to the decline of plum pudding before apple pie, or the "speeding up of industry" at the breakfast-table, as exhibited in the displacement of coffee by tea. It takes one back to MARRYAT'S novels again to read of "grogging"—the process of extracting spirits from old casks, which gets a sailor into trouble in "Peter Simple"—which has only this year been prevented in bonded warehouses. It is not perhaps surprising to learn that lawyers, notwithstanding the many blanks in that lottery, make as a class a larger aggregate income than coalowners, or that the capitalists in the cotton trade do not collectively earn so much as the medical profession does. But the information is at least timely, as is the news that the producers' gains are only half those of the industries concerned in distribution and transport—that is, of course, the capitalists' profits and earnings of management in each case. However, in spite of MR. GOSCHEN'S studies in sociology, he has taken two unfortunate steps. He has ignored the case of the numerous well-to-do people who cannot habitually afford high-class champagne and like sparkling wine which is both pure and cheap. His readjustment of duty will interfere with their innocent if uncultured taste. And he has been led into speaking in the jargon of the makers of commercial treaties about the "fiscal advantages" now offered to Spain and the "concessions" made to Spanish wines—as if the importation of an article was a favour to the producer rather than an advantage to the consumer.

THE Ulster Convention need not be regarded in any more serious light because other persons than Orangemen, other feelings than fanaticism, are involved in it. Indeed, the presence of these foreign elements only detracts from its otherwise small importance. With the well-to-do Conservatives and renegade Liberals who have joined in the Orange rabble's yell, the whole affair is merely a game of "bluff." They are not the kind of men to get themselves into trouble for anybody or anything, though, if they think they may postpone a measure they dislike by tall talk, they will talk as tall as anyone. But to talk violently is one thing, to act violently quite another; and when Home Rule comes we shall be surprised if the influence of these same men be not used to restrain their Orange allies. Indeed, it has been so used already. The notion of the Orangemen was "to line the hedges"; under Conservative and Liberal Unionist persuasion that has now been changed to a strike against taxes. Now, as the Orangeman is almost invariably an artisan or farm-labourer, and so pays no direct taxes, he will have to drop his whisky.

MOREOVER, the Moderates, who were last Saturday almost pledging themselves to die in support of the Unionist cause, cannot be got to subscribe enough money to keep the Unionist organisation alive. Orange lodges there are in Belfast in plenty; but both the constitutional clubs established there have broken down through want of funds. Again, in the resolutions of the meeting the devotion of "Loyal Ulster" to the Crown and the Union was stated in almost identical terms. Well, recently, when the royal match which was broken off by grim death was announced, the COUNTESS OF ZETLAND proposed that Ireland should present a national offering to the happy pair. Here surely was a chance for Loyal Ulster to show its devotion to the Crown. How did it show it? On January 11th the subscriptions from all Ireland were published. They amounted to £1,223 odd. Of this sum "Loyal Ulster" contributed exactly £174 4s. 6d.; that is, just a little more than was sent by rebel, poverty-stricken Limerick alone, and not nearly a half of what was sent by the City and County of Dublin. The Ulster Unionists have themselves put their devotion to the Throne and the Union on the same level. We can guess, then, what sacrifices they are likely to make for the latter.

THE causes of the recent outbreak in the Malay Peninsula are at present unknown, but the trouble is apparently of purely native origin, entirely unconnected with the Chinese. Pahang is one of the richest and least known of the protected states; but its mineral wealth is beginning to attract Europeans of a rough class, whose dealings with the Malays will probably require more supervision than at present exists. There are few quarters of the world in which British protection has been more wisely exercised or more conspicuously successful than in the Malay Peninsula, and there is happily no reason to believe that the present difficulty has any serious aspects.

THE Budget for London was laid before the County Council on Tuesday afternoon. The gross expenditure of the Council is now not far from three millions. Against this receipts of various kinds are to be set—including the Imperial contribution for local purposes—which together exceed a million and

a quarter. The balance—nearly £1,700,000—has to be met out of taxation. Thanks in part to the influenza—which has increased the probate duty, and, therefore, the Imperial contribution—and in part to the increased valuation of last year, the rate for 1892-3 is 12½d. in the pound—that is, three farthings more than last year, but precisely the average of the rates hitherto imposed by the Council. More than three-fifths of the expenditure is accounted for by interest on debt and various statutory payments over which the Council has no control; and as legislation tends to increase its obligations in this latter respect, and the ratepayer will not bear much more pressure, fresh sources of income must soon be opened. However, the Council, making a sacrifice which does it credit, practically decided to allot £30,000 of the Exchequer grant to technical education. Opposition was offered on the ground that it was undesirable to reduce the pressure on the City Guilds to recognise their responsibilities in the matter more thoroughly. But the rising generation of workmen can hardly be sacrificed to the ethical improvement of the City Guilds.

LORD CRANBROOK'S treatment of the proposed reforms in English secondary education will hardly satisfy either the deputation from the Chambers of Commerce which waited on him last Saturday or educationists in general. People educated on the old-fashioned public school lines—whether they are parents, or schoolmasters, or even Ministers of Education—are not by any means necessarily fitted thereby to judge of the requirements of the new and improved commercial education which the Chambers of Commerce are anxious to promote. Any public schoolman who can keep moderately good order can, after a fashion, carry on the ordinary form-work of a "first grade" grammar school. But to take large classes in commercial geography or elementary economics a highly trained teacher is required, and the teachers available are so few that the classes cannot but be large. Foreign languages, again, are proverbially taught worst now by those who know them best. And parents who have picked up their own commercial training by rule-of-thumb are hardly judges of the sort of teaching that is wanted to enable us to hold our own against foreign competition. The inspectors appointed by the Charity Commission, to whom LORD CRANBROOK referred, may reveal defects, but can hardly initiate reforms. Moreover, as the supply even of teachers for elementary schools is notoriously inadequate, it is a pity something cannot be done to stimulate the production of a class for which there is even a greater demand.

IT is announced, apparently on official authority, that MRS. OSBORNE, whose connection with the recent famous "pearl case" must be fresh in the recollection of our readers, will be released in a few weeks. Whilst we cannot pretend to regard her sentence as unduly severe, we imagine that few persons will blame the Home Secretary for having listened to the pleas urged on the ground of her health. She has undoubtedly taken her punishment very badly, and, so far, it has been more severe for her than it would be for persons of ordinary constitution and temperament. Very different is the case of MRS. MONTAGU, who is not likely to suffer from the nervous disorder which has made MRS. OSBORNE'S term of imprisonment a positive torture to her. We do not see any good, however, in pressing for MRS. MONTAGU'S further punishment, inadequate though her sentence is. The real object to be aimed at in her case should be the rescue of her children from the hands of a cruel and unnatural mother. We see with not a little surprise that these poor boys are still in the charge of the woman DOZELL, whose share in the recent tragedy at Cromore House has been so generally reprobated. It is to be hoped that CAPTAIN MONTAGU will be made to understand that it rests very much with himself whether his wife is or is not to be prosecuted for further crimes when she completes her present term of imprisonment. He is bound to make it clear that he will not again allow his unfortunate children to fall into the hands of their mother. If he should fail to give satisfactory pledges on this point it will be clearly the duty of the authorities to begin another prosecution against MRS. MONTAGU.

THE result of the University Boat Race last Saturday was, in every respect, a surprise. Cambridge, which throughout the training had been the favourite crew, was defeated with ease by Oxford, whilst the race itself was the fastest ever rowed on the present course. Favoured by fine weather, the contest was viewed by an unusually large number of spectators, so that the banks of the Thames presented once more the spectacle which was familiar to us five-and-twenty years ago, when the passion for aquatics was at its height. Perhaps the most amusing incident in connection with the race was the telegram sent by the German Emperor to PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, conveying his Majesty's warm congratulations to Oxford on her victory. It certainly affords proof of the resolve of the Emperor to keep himself in touch not only with questions of high policy, but even with the amusements of his contemporaries. It is a little difficult, however, for Englishmen accustomed to the sober ways and stiff routine of their own Court to understand a monarch who thinks the result of a boat-race between two universities a fitting matter for his public notice.

UPON the Stock Exchange business has been very quiet all through the week. The fortnightly settlement occupied attention from Monday morning till Wednesday afternoon; the Jewish Passover feast took away the Jews from the City, and the approach of the Easter holidays deterred speculation. But though business has been slack, the better tone of last week has been fully maintained. Everything points to an increased speculation very soon in the United States, and in Argentina the election of the Electoral College has passed off so smoothly that people are confident the Government is strong enough to maintain order until the new President is installed in office. There are hopes, too, that the banking crisis in Australia is drawing to a close. The one danger is that political disturbances may become grave in Brazil. The news this week is undoubtedly disquieting: but the City thinks that even serious troubles in Brazil would not now have grave consequences in this country.

THE Money Market has been easy throughout the week. Some gold has been taken for Russia, but there have been considerable receipts from other countries, and further receipts are to be expected. Trade is falling off, and speculation is absent. There is little demand for discount in consequence, the open market rate being only about 1⅛ per cent., and the demand for the Stock Exchange is so slight that at the fornightly settlement, which began on Monday, the banks were able to get only from 2 to 2½ per cent. from Stock Exchange borrowers. The price of silver has been fluctuating during the week from about 39¼d. per oz. to about 39¾d. per oz., but all the evidence forthcoming leads to the expectation that there will not be much further fall. At the present price the consumption of silver in the arts may be greatly extended: it will be applied to many purposes for which more vulgar metals were formerly used. Besides, mines are being closed all over the world, as they cannot be worked at a profit, and the consumption of silver for money purposes will by-and-by increase in the silver-using countries, more especially in India and China. But there is little likelihood of a material rise.

THE EASTER SURVEY.

THE first breathing-space of the Session usually offers a favourable moment for a review of the political situation. This year, however, the political situation hardly calls for review. It may be described in a single sentence. We have a discredited Ministry and a moribund Parliament. In presence of this fact there is no need to dwell upon particular measures and their prospects. It is hardly necessary even to touch upon the question of the Septennial Act and the moment for the dissolution. With the best will in the world, Ministers cannot prolong the existence of the House of Commons much further. To attempt to keep it alive for another year would simply be to prolong its agony and to aggravate their own doom. They may feel a vague desire to cling to office for six or eight months longer; but the rank and file of the party will undoubtedly put pressure upon them with a view to the termination of a situation that is already intolerable. The legislative work which is now before the House interests nobody—except possibly Mr. Chaplin. The Small Holdings Bill is recognised as the sham that it is; the Local Government Bill is dead; the Irish Education Bill is looked upon with cold indifference by all parties—in short, the Ministerial programme is exhausted and the few items which still remain "in the bill" are names only.

The collapse of the Government and of that huge sham upon which it was founded, the so-called "Unionist Alliance," has been extraordinarily sudden and complete, but it has not surprised those of us who have from the first seen through an imposture the leading ingredients in which were fictitious principles and fictitious reputations. If Ministers and their supporters had really intended to give Ireland the same rights as England and Scotland possess, they might at least have died with dignity, and it is possible that they might even have carried some measure of local self-government for the sister country to which they might have pointed as a redemption of the pledges by virtue of which they obtained office. But they showed from the first that so far as equality of treatment was concerned their professions were absolutely insincere and hypocritical. Nor has the exposure of their so-called "resolute government" of Ireland been less complete. Mr. Balfour could be resolute enough in imprisoning Irish members, in treating his political opponents as common criminals, and in subjecting men as honourable as himself to every indignity that a cruel and unscrupulous gaoler could devise. But the moment he found himself face to face with an adversary who was "resolute" in something more than words, the moment he saw that he had provoked a conflict in which he might after all be beaten, his courage oozed away, and he incontinently threw aside the keystone of his policy of coercion. To-day the world knows that the "twenty years of resolute government" promised by Lord Salisbury is something which the men now in power are absolutely incapable of giving us. As for the personal reputations which have been pricked like bubbles among the members of the present Government they are too numerous even to be mentioned. People have almost forgotten that when this Ministry came into existence the leader of the House of Commons was Lord Randolph Churchill; they have forgotten the painful tragedy of Lord Iddesleigh's death and its attendant circumstances; they have ceased to recall the fact that Lord Derby was once looked upon as the wisest man in the political world, and that there was a time when the oracular commonplaces of the Duke of Argyll were heard with eagerness by a listening multitude. All these things have passed from the mind of the public. But nobody has forgotten how Mr. Goschen has played at ducks and drakes with his reputation as a sound and far-sighted financier; and the astounding collapse of Mr. Balfour's reputation for tact, ability, and resourcefulness since he became leader of the House of Commons is still the theme of every tongue. Nor does it seem unlikely that another conspicuous failure will have to be credited to the present Session. Those who sat in the House of Commons last Friday afternoon and heard the speech in which Mr. Gladstone dealt with Mr. Chamberlain faithfully but playfully—"almost as though he loved him"—must have been startled by the expressions of approval with which that speech was received, not from one, but from all sections of the House. Another bubble reputation, it seems, is on the point of collapsing.

This, then, is the situation on the Ministerial side of the House. A discredited Government, an exhausted programme, a discontented and dispirited party, offer themselves to the public gaze. On the Opposition benches the spectacle is, of course, a very different one. It may not be wholly satisfactory even to good Liberals; but, at all events, its drawbacks are exactly the opposite of those we see among the Ministerialists. It is not the lack, but the excess of vitality which is just now the trouble of the Opposition. Nor can we wonder at the fact. Mr. Gladstone's followers are nearing the end of a long march through a hostile country, during which they have had constantly to meet a foe superior to themselves in numbers. They are on the eve of the pitched battle which, in their certain belief, is to end in their own triumph and the complete destruction of the enemy. Is it surprising that they are panting for the fight, eager to bring it on at all costs and almost under any circumstances? But their eagerness, justifiable, and indeed inevitable, as it is, constitutes one of the dangers of the situation. Every man in the Liberal party has his own cause of quarrel with the enemy, and not a few are anxious to fight him on ground of their own choosing rather than on the field which the leaders have from the first kept in view. Happily there is no reason to imagine that when the signal is at last given the discipline of the party will not be all that can be desired. It is unfortunate, however, that in the meantime there should be an inclination on the part of the more ardent spirits in the rank and file to chafe under the restraints which their leaders have imposed both upon themselves and their followers. Short views of life are best for those of us who wish to preserve a becoming cheerfulness of spirit; but we have had one or two far-reaching glimpses into the future of late, which seem to show that the carrying of Home Rule will land the nation, to use Dean Stanley's expression at the grave of Palmerston, on the watershed of two eras, and that the new era will differ in many important matters from the old.

Meanwhile there is one respect at least in which the position of the Liberals offers the happiest contrast to that of the Ministerialists. On our side we have no reason to hang our heads over the collapse of any great Parliamentary reputation. Our leader has justified within the last two months the faith reposed in him by his party even more abundantly than when he was in his prime. The courage, alertness, vivacity, readiness of resource, and absolute concentration upon his own purposes of the great veteran have presented the strangest of contrasts to the shambling feebleness and ineptitude of the nominal leader of the House. Nor have the members of the dying Parliament been permitted to forget that in the man whom it has been their chief business to oppose and to exclude from the service of his country, we have the last example of the

survival of the grand style in political life. It is to Mr. Gladstone that Tories as well as Liberals look in any moment of emergency for the action by which the dignity of the House of Commons is to be sustained and its splendid traditions preserved unimpaired. It is in Mr. Gladstone that all now see not only the most conspicuous and distinguished statesman of the past half-century, but the most eminent and illustrious member of the existing House—elected though it was for the purpose of deposing him. It is a strange and unprecedented spectacle that is thus presented to the world; and it illustrates more signally than any other feature of contemporary history the triumph of individualism—of the character and capacity of a single independent spirit—over even the most powerful of social and political combinations. We cannot hope to witness that wonderful spectacle for many Easters to come, but at least we may be thankful that this Eastertide of 1892 still offers it to us.

THE STATE OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

EASTER falls later than usual this year, but though Ministers have thus had a full fortnight more than they had last year before the recess, the state of public business at the present moment is almost without precedent. The Government measures are, one and all, in an unexampled state of backwardness. The Irish Local Government Bill, which was to be the chief measure of the Session, has had one night, and one night only, given to it. The Irish Education Bill has not yet been read a second time; the Small Holdings Bill, though it has been prosecuted with not a little energy, has barely entered upon its Committee stage; whilst all the minor measures for which the Government are responsible are hanging at their very earliest stages. The breakdown of the Parliamentary machine is, in short, lamentable and unparalleled. If we were to suppose that Ministers really meant to push all their measures through during the present Session, and if we were to take the rate of progress hitherto maintained as normal, it would be necessary for the House to sit until November in order that the modest programme with which the Government began the year might be duly carried out. We have spoken elsewhere of the general aspect of the political situation at this moment, and there is no need, therefore, to touch here upon the real attitude of the Government and the House of Commons towards the Bills for which Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have made themselves responsible. But the failure of the Government to get anything like a fair amount of work done in the first portion of the Session is a subject which may well engage the attention of the country. That failure, it is to be observed, is not attributed, even by the Ministerialists themselves, to anything in the nature of obstruction on the part of the Opposition. The Session, it is true, opened with some threats of obstruction on the part of those who felt that the time had come when the Government might fairly be called upon to state their intentions with regard to the dissolution. But not the faintest attempt has been made to carry those threats into practice. On the contrary, one of the earliest grounds of complaint on the part of Ministers was that, through the action of the Opposition, the debate on the Address had been allowed to close prematurely. It is true that the Estimates have been discussed with considerable fulness, but there is no pretence for saying that they have been discussed at inordinate length. Nor has it been by the pressure of private members on the time of the House that public affairs have been brought to their present state; for, as a matter of fact, Ministers have violently confiscated the rights of private members, and have appropriated nearly the whole of the time of Parliament for their own purposes.

For the unexampled collapse of public business this Session two main causes may safely be assigned. One is the want of tact and judgment on the part of the leader of the House. We do not care to labour this point, upon which not a little has already been said. But when we are asked to believe that Liberal criticisms of Mr. Balfour's leadership are nothing more than the effusions of partisan spite, we are entitled, in disproof of this assertion, to point to the condition of business in Parliament. Judged not by the rhetoric of his opponents, but by actual facts, Mr. Balfour is shown to have failed more egregiously than any of his predecessors in his attempt to manage the business of the House of Commons. From first to last he has shown a singular want of the power of estimating and marshalling his forces aright. He has allowed time to be wasted in the introduction and preliminary discussion of measures which everybody knows cannot possibly become law during the present year. He has given gratuitous offence not only to his opponents but to many of his own friends, and has thus caused the loss of valuable time in needless discussions which, by the exercise of a little prudence, might have been avoided. Above all, he has acted as though he and his colleagues had no definite plan in their minds. Everything in connection with the business of the House has been in a state of muddle and confusion since the Session began; and the most faithful supporters of the Ministry have been bewildered and irritated by incessant changes in the arrangements, by the lack of order which has characterised the procedure of the House, and by the apparent failure to know their own minds on the part of Ministers themselves. Mr. Balfour may be made the subject of any number of glowing panegyrics on the part of men like the Solicitor-General, and the whole Tory press may unite in describing his leadership as a brilliant success; but nothing can alter the fact that under his leadership the state of business in the House of Commons has been reduced, in the space of barely ten weeks, to an unprecedented muddle.

Let us not be unjust to the First Lord of the Treasury, however. Though his ignorance of the duties of the office he now holds has had much to do with the break-down of the Parliamentary machine, it is not wholly responsible for that breakdown. A still more important factor in producing this result has been the demoralisation of Parliament itself. The House is worn out, and only the semblance of life remains to it. How completely members have lost their interest in the work of legislation was strikingly shown on Monday night, when, for the first time in the recollection of most of us, a Chancellor of the Exchequer expounding his budget found himself addressing a House which was only half-filled, and which was wholly listless and uninterested. It is this want of spirit on the part of the House, and, above all, on the part of the majority, that must be held chiefly responsible for the general collapse. The hearts of members are no longer at St. Stephen's; they are with their constituents, to whose verdict they must so soon submit themselves. With a languid air, men turn up to listen to the debates; with dawdling footsteps they pass through the division lobby; with unconcealed indifference they hear the statements of Ministers. Over the House hangs a shadow which no effort of party zeal can remove. Work is no longer taken seriously, but merely to pass the time

—the time which must be passed before the inevitable blow which will put an end to its existence falls upon the House. It is difficult to understand in these circumstances why there should be a single man, not actually in the receipt of a salary as a member of the Government, who is not anxious for an immediate dissolution. Even Ministers themselves might, one would suppose, have recognised that their only wise course is to put an end to a condition of affairs which brings them every day into greater discredit. If public feeling has turned against them, and a General Election at this moment would result in their expulsion from office, they can hardly hope that by clinging to office in this feebly obstinate fashion, whilst allowing Parliamentary business to drift into greater and yet greater confusion, they are likely to bring about a revulsion in their favour. If, on the other hand, they still believe that they command the support of a majority of the voters, nothing but good, so far as they are concerned, can follow from taking a step which would, at all events, give them a House of Commons not absolutely demoralised and worn out like that which at present exists. Nor ought it to be forgotten that this paralysis of Parliament means a real and serious injury to the interests of the public such as no patriotic Government ought for a moment to permit.

THE BUDGET.

FOR nearly two hours on Monday the Chancellor of the Exchequer detained the House of Commons with the vain belief that he was going to tell them something. Then he admitted that he had nothing to tell them, and they all went away. He estimated a surplus of rather more than two hundred thousand pounds. But if he had been perfectly candid with the Committee, he would have acknowledged that there was really a large deficit, and that he never had a genuine surplus at all. Mr. Goschen's surpluses are like those which a bankrupt accumulates by postponing his liabilities, or an undergraduate by not paying his bills. This is his sixth financial statement, and it is a practical confession of administrative failure. Where are the promises of his Ministerial youth? He has reduced the Sinking Fund by three millions. He has borrowed five millions for the navy and for imperial defence. He has violated the soundest canons of his art, and imitated the worst ones of his predecessors. He has lost every opportunity for introducing fiscal reforms worth remembering, and has, in the judgment of a friendly critic, assimilated the national accounts to those of a South American republic. The final result of emancipating himself from pedantry, of striking out a line of his own, of posing as the smart Chancellor of the Exchequer who was thoroughly at home in the City, is that he has not another shot in his locker, and can only hope for better times, leaving the consequences of his misdeeds as an evil legacy to his successor. Even the tiny surplus, more properly to be called a margin—out of which, assisted by a net increase of the duty on champagne, he has lowered some of the fees for patents—has only been obtained by a more sanguine calculation of next year's revenue than he would have made if he had hoped to remain in office. It is difficult to suppose that when in 1887 Mr. Goschen embarked on the financial adventures which have just ended so disastrously, he contemplated five years of responsibility for the fiscal policy of the nation. On Monday, instead of being boastful, as is his wont, he was humble and apologetic. Most people are, when they have been found out. If Mr. Goschen had let the Sinking Fund alone, if he had insisted that the Army and Navy estimates should be provided, in accordance with the theory and practice of the Constitution, from the taxes of the year, he might have faced the House and the country with the firmness and intrepidity inspired by the consciousness of right.

Mr. Goschen endeavoured to distract attention from his own shortcomings by various irrelevancies, and especially by dwelling on the value which the Suez Canal shares will have acquired by the 1st of January, 1894. Every year we are told of this wonderful foresight on the part of Mr. Disraeli, who probably thought of little more than doing a good turn by his friends the Rothschilds. Considering that no expert ever denied the soundness of the investment, from a purely speculative point of view, these congratulations are somewhat extravagant. Indeed, Mr. Goschen's enthusiasm for Mr. Disraeli's achievements is, to adapt a fine phrase from Mr. Goldwin Smith, the Juggernaut of Liberal Unionism rolled backwards over history. It is some comfort to know that these shares will in two years be worth nineteen millions. But what is even that sum when compared with the disastrous waste of blood and treasure in Egypt which their purchase entailed? That Mr. Goschen should reckon this prospective windfall as an available asset, and should treat it as if it justified him in financing with borrowed money, is a melancholy illustration of the easy descent which the slopes of the Treasury Avernus afford. Lord Randolph Churchill, who enjoyed, or endured, about half of Mr. Goschen's rather dreary harangue must have felt that instalment of consolation which he had not already received from the blunders and fatuities of Mr. Balfour. All subjects are now discussed with a view to the approaching dissolution, and Mr. Goschen's Budget has not escaped the general fate. It does not bear on its face the stamp of felicitous electioneering. But what could Mr. Goschen have done? There is a limit to the resources of post-obits, and Sir Thomas Farrer's masterly exposure of Mr. Goschen's methods has sunk into the public mind. To borrow another surplus was dangerous, and it is only imaginary dangers, such as the bogey of separation between Great Britain and Ireland, which lead Mr. Goschen to send for the family lawyer. In 1888 Mr. Goschen might have left office in a blaze of fireworks, which would have dazzled inexperienced eyes. In 1892 he can only attempt to escape discredit by carefully avoiding change, and sacrificing fifty thousand pounds to the outraged integrity of the Sinking Fund.

THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

ONE of the curious results of the failure of Mr. Balfour is the change in the position of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour's failure, however, is not the only cause. As the demand for the details of his Home Rule Bill proves incontestably the expectation that in a few months he will be in the position to propose such a Bill, so the attitude of the House of Commons, and especially of the Tory party, towards Mr. Gladstone are a foreshadowing of his inevitable and early triumph. If a man is going to be leader of the House in a few months it is natural that he should begin to be treated as the leader even before that time has come. It is the incurable tendency of human nature to begin the worship of the rising sun long before the setting orb has sunk in the heavens; and in the readiness to transfer allegiance, the nature of politicians is rather more than less human than that of other

classes of men. Mr. Balfour—to give him full credit—has been as quick to acknowledge the new position of Mr. Gladstone as anybody else; and in his case he has, perhaps, more creditable reasons than in that of his followers. For, to understand fully the transformation in the Tory rank and file, one has to go back to the sad and dark days of 1886 and 1887, when Mr. Gladstone still lay in the dust of the big defeat of the General Election. It is to be hoped that somewhere in the memoirs of statesmen or in the sketches of Parliamentary reporters there is a full record of some of the scenes in those days when the greatest of living Englishmen, with the weight of nearly eighty years of life and half a century of unselfish and lofty public service upon him, had to confront the tumult of arranged and vulgar interruption, and had to wage war against the hubbub of a score or two of youthful voices with the remnants of the splendid organ that once thrilled and still fascinates the House of Commons. For it ought to be known, as one of the inner episodes of the Parliament of broken pledges, that when the Tories were in the first flush of their electoral triumph a group of young members had an arrangement by which, by repeating to each other in rapid repetition the words of a nursery rhyme, they hoped to succeed in drowning the voice of Mr. Gladstone. Now, oratorical success is not an abstraction, and depends as much almost on the enemies as on the friends of the orator. The orator or the speech that does not reduce the enemies to silence as well as arouse the friends to enthusiasm are not a success. And the purpose of this conspiracy was to convey the impression to the House and the country that Mr. Gladstone's power had failed, and that he was no longer able to command the attention of the House of Commons. There was one terrible night—it is odious even in recollection—in which Mr. Gladstone was first assailed with shouts, and then with the dull buzz of this pre-arranged interruption; and never can anyone forget the patient and almost pathetic self-control of that deeply lined, splendid, and, indeed, it might be said, spiritually beautiful face, as Mr. Gladstone stood there, silent and self-controlled, until very shame reduced his enemies to silence and respect.

Well, all this is changed; and now, when the House of Commons is in any difficulty—when counsels are divided and the way is dark and tortuous—it is the rise of the leader of the minority of the House that brings about that hushed expectancy by which assemblies are accustomed to greet the pilot that can guide them through fog and storm. Take, as an example, the case of the Cambrian directors. There rarely has been an occasion when the House was so much in need of light and guidance; for it was a game of cross-purposes and conflicting duties and inclinations. The desire to punish the directors for a gross breach of the privileges of the House was quite as strong in some Tory quarters as among Liberals—the approach of the General Election makes most Tories civil to obsequiousness to the masses of the people—and yet there was the supreme difficulty of doing anything which might not result in revealing the impotence of the House of Commons and the unassailable position of the directors. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, instead of easing the situation, had made it more difficult; for his speech, instead of a repudiation, went almost to the length of an apology and a vindication of the erring directors. It was his tone that largely accounted for the exasperation and the mutinous restiveness of the benches below the gangway, and that left the Tories in a state of distraction and demoralisation almost painful to behold. Whence was light to come over all this darkness? Not from Mr. Balfour. Unready, timid, perhaps not very sorry to see a colleague in deep water, and entirely unable to gather up the feeling of the House—a thing of instinct, and Mr. Balfour has no instinct—the leader of the House sat in his place, silent, pallid, and impotent. It was to Mr. Gladstone, then, the House had to look; and one could almost detect looks of relief on the Tory benches when there came the prospect of some illumination from the vast experience, the calm judgment, and the commanding genius of the Liberal leader.

But then there is another side to this picture. Mr. Gladstone's position has its glory, but it also has its inconveniences. It is a trite saying that of all things in politics there is nothing so perilous and inconvenient as power without responsibility—unless, perhaps, it be responsibility without power. Mr. Gladstone labours under both disadvantages, and some of the inconvenient results were seen in the course of the very debate to which we have alluded. It was on that night that the painful spectacle was beheld of the great Liberal leader going into one lobby and the most faithful and ardent of his friends going into another. It was on that night, too, there was a series of cross-divisions which have, perhaps, been almost unexampled in the history of Parliaments—with the Liberal leaders at one moment in the Tory, at the next in the Liberal lobby. Scenes of such a kind may well be exaggerated at the moment—it is the incurable and inevitable note of Parliamentary temper to exaggerate at the moment—but undoubtedly such things leave behind unpleasant memories and the little seeds that by-and-by ripen into very ugly harvests. Now, if Mr. Gladstone had been the actual leader of the House, he would have been able to propose a resolution which would meet his own views; he would also have had the opportunity of learning the views of his own followers through the official Whips; and there would have been a House of Commons properly understood and wisely led. Again, as leader of an Opposition, Mr. Gladstone's consultations with his colleagues must be largely confined to meetings on the front Opposition bench; and this involves hasty and, perhaps, contradictory decisions. With Mr. Gladstone as leader of a Ministry, there are the constant and formal consultations of Cabinet Councils, and in that way frequency of consultation and unity of purpose. On the whole, then, it is to the interest of the House of Commons, it is to the interest of the country, and it is to the interest of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party, that the power and office of Prime Minister should be attached as soon as possible to the existing authority of real leader of the House.

Let us not, however, part from this remarkable episode in the career of Mr. Gladstone with the words which point to its difficulties and disadvantages. Let us rather recur to its splendid and encouraging side. The dying Session of the moribund Parliament is the final farewell of many notorieties and the grave of many reputations. The few weeks of it that have already elapsed have sufficed to almost irremediably damage the reputation of Mr. Balfour, that prosperous child and spoiled darling of fortune whom calamity has at last overtaken. On the shores of the House lie everywhere the wrecks of reputations and of hopes. More than a third of the House will never belong to it again, and will never even try to; and probably more than half the present members are but transient shadows that in a few months will pass from Parliament and from history for ever. But high out of all these ruins stands the figure of the great Liberal leader, not only perennial in his freshness, unconquerable in his purpose, and green in his

vigour, but actually advancing while others fall back, growing while those who might be his grandchildren stand still, and exercising in the capacity of the leader of once scattered and still greatly outnumbered forces a sway more undisputed and indisputable than in the days when, in early middle age, he led an overwhelming majority.

THE REPORT OF LORD WANTAGE'S COMMITTEE.

THE publication of the evidence given before Lord Wantage's Committee has recalled public attention to the remarkable report issued by that body. Personal views naturally arouse greater interest than attaches to the usually flaccid utterances which result from compromise, and the opinions of the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Connaught, and the past and present Adjutants-General will be read with fresh interest. The real question, however, is what is to be done with the Army. In spite of the many imperfections, the report clearly shows that the system introduced in 1872, as worked by the authorities of the War Office, has broken down. Although Lord Wolseley has on various occasions presented the Army in a roseate light, he now records his opinion that the force in this country, the reserve being excluded, is "very inferior to the Home Army of olden times." It was intended that every Line battalion abroad should be fed by a linked battalion at home, and in theory the arrangement was perfect. The necessary condition of equality between the number of battalions at home and abroad has not been maintained, however, and it is evidently impossible to ensure that the demands of Imperial policy should invariably conform to a hard-and-fast rule of this kind. The accommodation at the regimental depôts and the machinery for training recruits being limited, it results that drafts for a regiment of which both battalions are abroad have to be scraped together in haphazard fashion. And, further, a battalion at home, in order to supply its twin abroad, is reduced to the condition described by Lord Wolseley as that of a "squeezed lemon." "The Line battalion in England, which has a linked battalion abroad, is unfit in every way to go into the field," being weak in strength and largely composed of immature boys. It can be made up from the reserve of old soldiers; but reserves cannot be called out to meet the requirements of small wars without injuring the prospects of their civil employment. The Guards, who have no foreign battalions to supply, and no definite territorial system, succeed on the whole in maintaining their efficiency, but find much difficulty "in obtaining recruits of sufficient stamina and age."

Thus two quite distinct questions arise—one of organisation, the other of the administration of the recruiting service. In regard to the former, Lord Wantage's Committee propose either to raise five new battalions for home service, or to raise two additional battalions of Guards, and keep three battalions of Guards abroad. This, of course, only meets the needs of the moment, and would have to be followed up by a further increase of the standing army whenever any permanent augmentation of the force abroad became necessary. Sir A. Haliburton, in a long separate memorandum, exposes the inconclusive and incomplete reasoning of the Committee, and estimates the net result of its proposals as an increase of one and a half millions to the estimates (exclusive of large non-effective charges) and a considerable decrease in the fighting strength of the Army. The memorandum contains several fallacies, notably the comparison between the composition of British, German, and French battalions, in which the writer entirely ignores the all-important question of age, and reckons duration of service only. But this well-considered and effectively constructed document has hopelessly discredited the proposals of a Committee which did not take the trouble to ascertain the results of its own recommendations.

As regards minor matters, many of which appear to be questions of administration of so elementary a nature that it is inconceivable that any department, except the War Office, should require them to be brought to its notice, the proposals of the Committee merit instant attention. So long as inducements are held out to the recruit which he finds are wholly deceptive, the only wonder is that the Army manages to obtain its large annual contingent. So long as useless night-work—the fiction of protecting public buildings and empty palaces—falls so heavily upon the Guards that their waste is "more serious" than that of the Line, it is astonishing that the numbers and efficiency of the Brigade are so well maintained. The general impression which the report and evidence produces is one of amazement that the results of an administration which stands revealed as utterly incompetent have not been even more disastrous. The investigations of Lord Wantage's Committee will unquestionably suffice to deter the country from entrusting additional funds to the War Office as at present constituted. It is not money, but an effective administrative machine which is required.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AS May Day approaches and demonstration after demonstration is announced, the apprehension of disturbances seems to increase on the Continent, and strong measures are promised to secure the maintenance of order. In Hungary, for instance, where no doubt social grievances might just now be complicated by political, all public meetings on the day are rigorously forbidden. A similar prohibition has been issued in Spain and Italy, though, nevertheless, students and workmen in Rome have agreed (not without difficulty) to combine to defy it. In both countries, military and police are to be kept in readiness to check disturbance. In Portugal, the unemployed are to be quieted in advance by relief works. In Austria, on the other hand, the various Socialist organisations seem much more likely to fight one another and the Anti-Semites than to resist the police. In Chicago a monster procession is contemplated, which, considering the foreign element in the population, may not improbably lead to disturbances, while an Anarchist conspiracy is reported from Brooklyn. In Paris, it is said, a secret Anarchist organisation has decided to strike a heavy blow at the existing social order. At any rate, extensive preparations are being made to check rioting. Still, the Anarchist scare in Paris is subsiding. Lhérot, the waiter who captured Ravachol, the dynamiter, has been decorated, but is seeking another situation; the flow of donations we mentioned last week has stopped at 2,400 francs. Most of the recent discoveries of explosives have revealed only practical jokes, and Ravachol has been committed for trial after making such comprehensive confessions as to raise grave doubts of his guilt. His trial will take place on the 26th inst. In Spain, too, the Anarchists Delboche and Ferreira, who had tried to blow up the Chamber of Deputies, have denounced their leader—Muñoz—who has accordingly been arrested, and has betrayed his associates with equal comprehensiveness. He and Ravachol have certainly proved Anarchism to be individualism in excess. There has, however, been a strange outrage by so-called Anarchists in

Prussian Poland. Herr von Poninski, an ecclesiastical functionary at Koscielec, near Inowraslaw, in Prussian Poland, was attacked in his study, in the forenoon, by two men, who first locked the door and then handed him a black-bordered envelope containing a demand, under penalty of death, for money for the "Polish Anarchist Committee," with a form of receipt written in red. He escaped by the window, but was severely wounded by revolver shots. They then made off, but were pursued by peasants on foot and horseback, and overtaken, in company with two accomplices. After a severe fight, one was killed by the peasants, after having shot his companion by accident or design: the two others committed suicide. The men are Poles, but are known to come from Berlin, though an active Socialist (but not Anarchist) propaganda exists in Prussian Poland. The affair, however, seems to have been commonplace robbery masked by an Anarchist disguise. One theory, however, hinted at rather than expressed, is that it was devised by Russian "agents provocateurs" to lead the German Government to facilitate the extradition of persons implicated in the disturbances expected in Russian Poland. As political refugees, they would not be given up; as alleged members of an Anarchist body, they may.

In France, meanwhile, attention has been diverted from social peril by the proceedings in the Chamber. The debate on African affairs, after an interruption on Friday, to be dealt with presently, concluded on Monday. The votes for three million francs for Dahomey were carried, a reduction by way of censure being rejected by 387 to 107, and "the order of the day," *i.e.*, a vote of confidence in the Government, carried by 270 to 232. Towards its close the debate was very warm, chiefly because, from official papers supplied in confidence to the Budget Committee, but the contents of which had been revealed by members of the Right, it transpired that the Government two years ago had interfered with the due co-operation of the navy with the troops on the coast of Africa. Hence recriminations and attacks on the late Government, and on the breach of confidence committed both by the present Government and the peccant members. Otherwise the debate brought out clearly the need of a special Colonial army—sixty per cent. of the French troops now sent to Dahomey die—and of a separate Ministry for the Colonies. The Government, it is understood, will now blockade Whydah, and may order a march on Abomey by-and-by. Of course the King's conduct is ascribed to European influence.

On Friday, M. d'Hulst, Bishop Freppel's successor, interrogated the Government as to the alleged orders given to the police not to quell disturbances inside the churches. Hereupon the deputy for the Lozère called attention to a circular issued by the Bishop of Mende (his diocese), to be read from the pulpits, urging the electors to see that candidates at the municipal elections should be pledged to support Catholicism, and incidentally attacking the constitution. Priests, being public functionaries, are expressly bound by the Penal Code not to censure publicly acts of the Government. M. Ricard, Minister of Public Worship, announced that the Government would punish the Bishop for this circular, and for pamphlets issued by him, provisionally by suspending his salary. (M. de Cassagnac has opened a subscription for the Bishop, which has reached nearly 3,000 fr.) The Chamber approved M. Ricard's action by 322 to 167, and ordered, by 306 to 183, that his speech should be placarded throughout France.

Anastay, the lieutenant of infantry who murdered the Baroness Dellard, was executed at 5 a.m. on Saturday. His head was promised to his relatives for medical examination by Dr. Charcot, the well-known brain specialist. But the promise, so far, has not been kept.

In Belgium the Liberal League, which is led by MM. Frère Orban and Graux and is somewhat doctrinaire, and the Liberal Association, which is led by M. Janson and favours universal suffrage, have come to an agreement to support a joint list of candidates (nine from each body) in Brussels at the General Election. Should these be elected—and it was Liberal division that lost Brussels in 1888—the Ministry will be within thirteen seats of losing their majority. Both bodies agree to support universal suffrage, except that illiterates and recipients of charity, public or private, are not to be allowed to vote. The Labour party has been offered the co-operation both of the united Liberals and of those Clericals who, like M. Nothomb, have fallen into disgrace with their party by favouring universal suffrage: but has declined to accept it.

The Swedish Chamber has rejected by 116 to 107 the proposal of the Government to extend the annual military service of the reservists to 90 days. It remains, therefore, 60 days as hitherto.

In Germany there are continued (but probably baseless) rumours of Count Caprivi's retirement. Count Eulenberg and Count Waldersee are spoken of as his possible successors in the Chancellorship. Herr von Helldorf, the Independent Conservative leader, has been formally disowned by the regular Conservative party for his attacks in his weekly paper on the Schools Bill; and the party are about to issue a manifesto formally adopting anti-Semitism. Prof. Adolf Wagner, the economist and partisan of State interference, whom one does not expect to see in such company, gave a Conservative meeting in Berlin some sound advice on this subject last week; but German Conservatives just now are hardly amenable to reason. A coalition is now talked of between the Independent and Moderate Conservatives and the National Liberals, which might conceivably bring back Prince Bismarck, and would at any rate promote his reconciliation with the Emperor.

The negotiations for a commercial treaty between Switzerland and Italy have been resumed, and are expected to succeed.

In Italy the Amalfitano-Oreglia libel case between high Papal dignitaries has raised two curious points under the Law of Papal Guarantees. (1) Can Papal dignitaries be compelled to give evidence in a Court of the kingdom of Italy? The Government has preferred to take their evidence on commission. (2) Can such a Court take cognisance at all of a suit between ecclesiastics, and relating to ecclesiastical discipline? A negative answer is expected.

M. Rizoff, the Bulgarian conspirator, who was interned in a Servian fortress, has been released on condition that he goes at once to Russia. The heir to the throne of Montenegro is to marry a Princess Demidoff, apparently the heiress of that Russian prince who gambled away the palace which, ten or twelve years ago, was one of the sights of Florence.

In Argentina the first stage of the Presidential Election has resulted in the return (both in Buenos Ayres and the interior) of a large majority of electors favourable to Señor Saenz Pena (senior), the Fusionist candidate. Most of the Radical leaders are to be deported to Monte Video instead of to Staten Land, as at first intended. Dr. Alem is to be kept in prison till his trial. Still, no evidence has yet been published that they meditated revolution.

In Brazil "certain Anarchists"—which probably will soon mean in politics what "atheist" means in religious controversy—have made a demonstration in favour of the ex-Dictator, Marshal da Fonseca, on his recovery from illness. Their leaders have been deported to fortresses in the State of Amazonas, and a state of siege has been proclaimed in Rio Janeiro. The province of Matto Grosso, on the borders of Bolivia, has formally seceded from the Federation of Brazil. The army cannot be depended on, and the situation seems very critical. In Venezuela a fierce civil war is raging; and a general uprising in Caraccas against the Dictator, Dr. Palacio, is reported to be imminent.

EDISON IN HIS WORKSHOP.—II.

WHILE in Edison's library, the proportions and appointments of which suggested a national rather than private institution, I was struck by the completeness of the German and French scientific records, and was surprised when told by their collector that he knew no foreign language.

"I can follow a French scientific report tolerably," he said, "so far as it is couched in scientific phraseology, but could not read a page in a French novel"—in which respect I ventured to think he suffered but slight loss. "I employ people who look up for me everything relating to any experiment they have on hand, and I keep a man who translates anything I may wish particularly to see. The work in my laboratory," he said, "is hard, and there is a good deal of it. Very few can stand it—out of four hundred perhaps one turns out fit for something. I watch my men closely; when I see one staying after hours absorbed in his tests, then I say, 'There is the man for me.' At one time we used to go to work at seven in the evening and keep at it all night in order to avoid annoyance from visitors. This was a severe strain on some; if they ever fell asleep over their work we had no further use for them. The man for me is the man who falls in love with his work and cannot think of anything else while he is with it."

Speaking of possible war between the United States and Chili, but more particularly of the impending one between Germany and Russia, he said—

"I cannot understand why Governments waste their time with methods which are so expensive and harmless. If I were the German Emperor I would take no chances in my trouble with the Czar."

"How so?" said I.

"Well, I have been lately perfecting a little arrangement by which I can steer a ship automatically by means of the compass alone. The principle is very simple. I have the ship's head turned to the point of the compass I wish to steer. I then have a delicate electric guard on each side of this compass-point, so that whenever the ship falls off to one side or the other the projection on the compass-card interferes with the electric mechanism on one side or the other, which in its turn is in sympathy with the steering apparatus, that is adjusted so as to immediately bring it back to its true course. This arrangement is suitable for torpedoes of every description.

"The immediate practical value of this little thing lies in its power to steer a projectile through the air. I do not mean a balloon or a flying-machine in the usual acceptance of the word. I have no faith in a machine that leaves you at the mercy of the winds. People talk as though flying-machines should copy Nature—copy the movements of birds, fishes, and what not. Why, look at my phonograph—what is it but a piece of sheet-iron?

"My flying-machine," continued Mr. Edison, "is projected into space at any given angle, and carries an electric motor that drives it forward by means of revolving fans at a given rate and for a given distance. I think that fifty miles can be covered.

"The experiments I have made lead me to think that I can carry on this machine 500 lbs. of explosive material and drop it from aloft at any point I choose. Of course, I must allow for the state of the atmosphere, as one does with artillery; but my experiments make me feel that I can come within twenty per cent. of my object."

"For instance," I said, "suppose you had New York in mind."

"New York is thirteen miles from where I stand—I will engage to drop every load of dynamite within the city limits from this point."

Mr. Edison's eyes twinkled as he said:

"I wish we could have a war here, so that I could develop this thing practically. The material is at hand, and I could place contracts with thousands of machine-shops that could within a few days turn out all that would be required."

"But what would you do if you were German Emperor?" I said.

"I should not do a thing until war was determined upon, in order to keep the matter a secret. And even then no one need know what is proposed, for while every machinist in the country might be employed upon parts of the machines, they could be fitted together in the military depôts. These machines are cheap and portable, and would be sent up over the advancing enemy to fall upon them like a shower of dynamite. Unlike war-balloons, there would be no profit in firing at them, for in falling they would destroy those below."

Passing from one workshop to the other, I became more and more impressed, not so much with his extraordinary fertility of mind, as illustrated by the variety of his inventions, but by the patience with which he conducted experimental tests and the thorough business organisation apparent in every detail of his many establishments. It is not exaggeration to say that, when he determines upon the use of any material for a given purpose, it is after testing every other material known to man by every means that even his mind can suggest. He has not merely to invent the principle on which a new patent is applied for; he has to invent the material of its construction and the very tools with which it can be made. In matters mechanical he has no trade secrets, and attaches little value to patent rights, for he appreciates what every honest lawyer knows, that the man who thinks he is buying a patent is, in reality, only buying a lawsuit, and that inventors, unless backed by capital, rarely reap rewards of a pecuniary nature.

"I have some secrets," he said, "but they are chemical; they are the only trade secrets I can keep. The Germans are strong in chemistry, and manufacture things which we struggle hopelessly to imitate. We do our best to learn their secrets, but cannot until we turn out as good chemists.

"The man who registers his mechanical invention places it where every rival can for 10 cents go and get a copy of it. It is immediately copied, and the rival manufacturer profits by it. The rival knows that he is stealing, and knows that the honest inventor will try to get an injunction against him. But he hopes that between the time of stealing the patent and the settlement of the case in court he will have made enough money to leave a handsome profit after paying legal expenses."

Mr. Edison had in his magical house many more spaces through which he was so good as to wish to show me. Unfortunately for me, I had to catch a train, and, in so doing, lost the conclusion of his marvellous running commentary. But in the few hours that I listened to him I was sensible of being under the spell of a power that defied analysis. He touched upon nearly every subject of scientific speculation—from electrical locomotives to automatic photography, from surgical instruments to ironclads. No subject was broached that did not immediately suggest to his mind a new invention. He spoke of soap, of steel plates, of tricycles, of torpedo-boats, of block-signals—I might say, of everything in the dictionary. In each case the particular object referred to became instinct with new possibilities—with a new marketable value.

The letters of Franklin are just the sort of letters I can imagine Edison writing had he lived at the same time and under the same circumstances. Both rose to eminence by the exercise of strong moral virtues backed by inherited talent; both applied their knowledge to bettering the condition of their fellow-creatures. Edison has not, as yet, filled a high diplomatic post abroad; but he is still young, and time works in his favour. The Government that rewards the Bancrofts, the Lowells, the Motleys, by offering them the most honourable posts in the public service cannot long overlook the name of Edison.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE REFORM OF THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

LORD PALMERSTON used to say that every people gets the government that it deserves. So, no doubt, in the long run, the Scotch will get the education they deserve. But in the meantime their University Commission has evidently a low opinion of their merits. The instalment of ordinances which the Commissioners have now laid before Parliament is an incontestable proof of this. Some months ago we called attention to the chief defects in the draft ordinances; and, in the interval, these defects have been urged upon the notice of the Commission by all parties desiring university reform—a movement in which the General Council of the University of Glasgow has taken the most active part.

We regret to say that to these representations, on the whole, the Commission has turned a deaf ear. They have made some minor improvements, and in their more important schemes there is a certain show of activity. But, unfortunately, while the details of these schemes are very pretty, their leading features are either illusory or reactionary. It will be necessary to illustrate this in some detail.

Scotchmen have long been crying out for an academic year of proper length, say from October to June, like that of the English and Continental universities. The Commission in their draft ordinance proposed to enforce no teaching in the faculty of arts after the 10th of April, leaving it optional to each university court to institute a summer session. Reformers protested against this. The Commission makes an apparent concession by ordaining that the courts "shall institute a summer session." But this summer session is not necessarily to be a general continuation of the winter work. Each court, "after consultation with the Senatus," may limit the subjects of instruction as far as it chooses; and it is now expressly ordained that it shall be optional for all professors appointed prior to the ordinance to teach or not to teach in the summer session. This option is apparently now created for the professors, because it does not exist in their original commissions. What would be thought if the officials in a Government department were generally authorised to decline a reasonable extension of hours of work? The net result of this ordinance is that the appointment of a couple of lecturers, say in Latin and Greek, would satisfy its terms, and that the real work of the universities may terminate as hitherto on the 10th of April. Some liberty short of this wholesale option might have been allowed to the professors if a proper multiplication of the professoriate had been provided for; but, as we shall see, this has not been done. The fictitious right of professors to a six months' vacation will therefore continue to starve and mutilate the university curriculum in Scotland, and the average student will be kept in compulsory idleness.

But the cardinal feature of the ordinances on which everything really turns is the provision for a preliminary examination. For a generation every impartial and intelligent Scotchman has protested against a system which included within the walls of a university elementary instruction in Latin grammar, the Greek alphabet, and the first book of Euclid. The result of such a system has been to rob the secondary schools of their pupils, and to fill the benches of the universities, provided at great public and national expense, with nominal students practically unfit to study any subject at the stage of university culture. These students have by the mere fact of their admission acquired a customary right to certificates of attendance and proficiency; and, however unprepared to pass any serious examination, they are thus enabled on issuing from the universities to palm themselves off on a credulous public as educated men. To remedy this evil, reformers have sought an entrance examination sufficient to mark the termination of secondary school work and the beginning of university studies. Has the Commission satisfied this demand? Assuredly not. It has, indeed, made regulations for a preliminary examination applicable to students proceeding to a degree. These regulations are in themselves fairly satisfactory, although the standard of the examination is to a considerable extent lower than that passed at school by many scholars who take the Leaving Certificates of the Scotch Education Department. But if properly applied to all public students in the universities, they would do much good. The Commissioners, however, have expressly ordained that this shall not be done. Unless a student claims a degree, he "may attend any class without having passed the preliminary examination." Now it is well known that the great majority of Scotch students, even of those who take a complete curriculum, do not proceed to a degree. Hence this reform will be applied to a small minority, and to the class least requiring it. No one denies that private students should be admitted to all classes without examination in accordance with the general custom of European universities. But the Commissioners decree that all, however ignorant, may enter as public students, pay fees, occupy the time of the professor, drag down the level of teaching, and issue from the universities with certificates practically worthless. The universities will still continue to have junior classes of Latin, Greek, and mathematics at the most elementary stage, suitable for boys of eleven or twelve at a secondary school; and their senior classes, open to all comers, will consist of a monstrous medley of fit and unfit that will paralyse all advanced instruction.

Finally, the Commission revoke the small benefit they have conferred by permitting the Senatus of each university to allow attendance at qualifying classes to count for a degree, even if a preliminary examination has not been passed previous to attendance. The effect of this unregenerate system will be to compete unfairly with the secondary schools and to discourage the growth of proper secondary instruction in Scotland, while the universities will continue to merit the description of the great French authority as *des lycées mal organisés*.

The disastrous influence of all this on secondary schools will be aggravated by the regulations for examinations. The universities are to have junior classes to prepare for their own preliminary examination, and this examination is to be left practically and entirely in the hands of the professoriate of each university. This cannot command the confidence of teachers, as the universities have the strongest pecuniary inducements to undue laxity. In Germany, as is well known, the corresponding examination is conducted by the school authorities under State supervision. A compromise might have been made in Scotland, and was urged in various forms upon the Commissioners. Nothing, however, would satisfy them but leaving the universities masters and dictators in a matter in which they have the most dangerous temptations to an interested and arbitrary course of action.

The curriculum in arts has been arranged so as to include a considerable range of optional subjects; but the regulations are so complicated and hampered with so many restrictions that practically strong pressure will be put upon students to fall back upon the seven hitherto privileged subjects. The recognition of modern languages as a department for graduation with honours is certainly an advantage. It may be noted that no definite provision is made for appointing examiners for degrees in arts, and that each court is left to exercise complete discretion in this matter. This can hardly lead to uniformity and efficiency, and it leaves the professors the only real examiners of their own students.

It was also hoped that a great reform would be made in the organisation of the professoriate. In view of the enormous numbers of students in some of the classes, such as Latin, Greek, and mathematics,

numbers rising as high, in the two larger universities, as 600 in each subject, the necessity for additional professors was generally recognised. The present system, by which one professor draws all the fees of 600 students and delegates their instruction to a number of assistants in such proportion as he thinks fit, was felt to be unworthy of a university, and, indeed, without parallel in any other country. It treats each great branch of instruction as a piece of private property like a boarding school; and it need hardly be said that under it the assistants, discharging full professorial duties, and sometimes men of high distinction, occupy a position unfavourable alike to intellectual activity and to self-respect. A very striking instance of the arbitrary injustice with which a professor may treat an assistant as distinguished in the scientific world as himself has quite recently occurred in the medical faculty of Edinburgh University and been published in all its details. That such cases are very rare is no argument in favour of the system: other less obvious evils are always at work. The Commissioners have done little or nothing to remedy this state of things. In future an assistant may still do all the work of a professor for a hundred students, but he is only to have an annual tenure of office, to be nominated by the professor, and to be entirely under his control. Provision is also made for the possible appointment of lecturers; but these officials, in respect of their teaching, are to be under the absolute control of the existing professors, and are to have no representation on the Senatus. Such conditions cannot possibly attract the best type of university teachers. To provide sufficient teaching power and a career for eminent graduates, the German universities might very well have been taken as a model. But no subordinate post in a Scotch university will be comparable to that of a German *professor extraordinarius*, and none will even have the enviable liberty of teaching granted to the *Privat-docent*.

Altogether, it seems to be the design of the Commission to preserve for the universities the right to unlimited fees from unfit students, and to secure for seven professors in arts and twelve or fourteen in medicine the exclusive control of all knowledge with the influence and emoluments arising therefrom. Every reform inconsistent with these principles is sternly set aside: the university seems to exist for the professors, not they for the cause of education. The right of existing professors to full compensation for loss is recognised by all parties, and provided for by the Act. But why the present exclusive monopolies should be handed down as a vested right to all generations passes the comprehension of ordinary people. The university should cease to be regarded as an independent trading concern, and should be treated as an integral member of a national system of education, whose interests should be harmonised with those of the other members.

It is understood that the Commissioners plead the want of funds as an excuse for the very negative character of their ordinances; but they are now likely to get £30,000 a year, in addition to the sum of £42,000 named in the Act—a sum which should largely be used for the endowment of new chairs. Unfortunately, the ordinances seem to be cut and dry without any prospect of this, and no indication has as yet been given how either of these sums is to be expended.

It is, indeed, to be deplored that a movement for university reform so generally welcomed—inaugurated and supported by such typical Scotchmen as Principal Donaldson, Professor Blackie, and the late Principal Tulloch, a movement with which Matthew Arnold warmly sympathised—should end in such an abortive result. Nothing can more clearly show the necessity for the office of a Minister of Education, to deal with primary, secondary, and university education in an organic way, to reconcile their various interests, to harmonise their working, and to see that reforms are carried out in the spirit in which they originate. In the meantime it may be hoped that Parliament will maintain the principles of the Universities Act of 1889 by praying the Queen to withhold her assent from the most unsatisfactory of these ordinances.

THE TRAINING OF BOARD-SCHOOL MISTRESSES.

IN the month of August of last year a party of mistresses of schools of various sorts found themselves the happy occupants of Lady Margaret Hall in Oxford. They had come from many parts of England in answer to an invitation to join together to hire the hall and try what life in Oxford was like. They spent a fortnight in work and play; in attending lectures, in tennis, boating, going to concerts, seeing something of Oxford people, looking at Oxford sights, and learning something of Oxford ways. The days flew by all too quickly, and not one among them but left with a feeling of keen regret that her chance of profiting by all that the beautiful old city could give her was so small.

Why had they come? Was it only to have "a good time"? That would be reason amply sufficient, for few work harder than our schoolmistresses; few need more the refreshment of rest and pleasure taken in beautiful surroundings. But there was another reason behind. Six years ago a movement was begun by a few men keenly interested in education to obtain for the schoolmasters of elementary schools a chance of sharing in the advantages of a University education. The training provided by the State was felt to be narrow, and fraught with all the evils attendant on any scheme which keeps one class perpetually confined to its own bounds. It was asked that pupil-teachers on leaving school should be allowed to go to Oxford or Cambridge to complete their training, instead of going on to one of the Normal Schools. In order to show that there were men ready to avail themselves of this scheme, it was determined to invite teachers to come up to Oxford, who should pay their own expenses, and spend a fortnight or month in an Oxford college during the Long Vacation, attending lectures arranged for them and living as far as possible the usual college life. For six years some sixty men have each year done this. The labour of love in organising the scheme which had been so freely given by a few, and more especially by Mr. Murray Macdonald, the present Liberal candidate for Bow, is now crowned with success. Cambridge agreed more than a year ago to admit these schoolmasters within her walls. Oxford made the concession last year. The Government issued a decree that training here should count as training in a Normal School, that the Government grant should be paid to students in either University, and that training in teaching should be received in one or other of the elementary schools of the University cities. And so the battle was won. But only for the men. The scheme had not included the women. Now, when the men standing on the ramparts could enjoy the prospect of the field of battle below them, and the fair domain in which they were in future to have their portion, they bethought them of their wives and sisters, and determined to ask them to come up and enjoy the sight with them. It could not be only to heighten their own pleasure, to increase the joys of victory; it was also, we would fain believe, to fire the women with like ambitions, and to stir in their minds ardent hopes of a Lady Margaret Hall of their own—a steady determination to work for a higher and fuller education for themselves.

Feeling sure that this was the result of the Oxford visit of the schoolmistresses last autumn, I have been at some pains to obtain information as to the expense of the education which, at the present moment, Oxford has to offer to women. There are, first and foremost, Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls. The cost of residence in

either of them is computed at a sum varying from £85 to £120 per annum. An old student writes:—"Old Somerville students seem to agree that, with great care, one can live at the Hall for £90 per annum, exclusive of travelling, and that this is the minimum." The Warden of one of the Halls tells us she believes that it might be done for £85 per annum, and that a clever girl gaining a scholarship would find this sum reduced by £30 or even £50. At Lady Margaret the sum usually paid to the Hall is £75, and this does not include tuition fees, laundress, travelling expenses, or books; so that £110 would seem to be the total average yearly cost. The rent of rooms at Somerville varies more than in St. Margaret's; but after careful inquiry it does not seem to be likely that any girl would manage to live the ordinary life of the Hall for less than £90, and that that would be the result of strict economy.

There is next St. Hugh's Hall. This house has been arranged for the reception of students who are unable to meet the expense incurred at the older Halls. The fee paid to the house is £15 a term; that is, £45 a year instead of the £75 at Lady Margaret. But at St. Hugh's two girls share a bedroom which is merely a bedroom, and all study is carried on in a common room; whereas at the two other Halls each student has a good-sized room which is study and bedroom combined. Firing also is paid for extra at St. Hugh's.

There remains still to notice one more place of residence for women-students. An old Lady Margaret student has opened a house for them where the charge is £15 per term, just as it is at St. Hugh's, but she hopes to be able to assist the residents in her house—as she has herself lately passed the various examinations and the final Honour Schools—so as to make their tuition fees lighter than they usually are. For the fees for tuition are pretty much the same wherever a girl may go or whatever study she may pursue. She must allow £20 a year for them, or more than that if arts or science are pursued; and it has not yet been seen whether these can be lightened by such help as is offered by this lady.

Let us now consider the alternative of the life as an unattached student. The Association for Promoting the Education of Women has for some years been doing excellent work in Oxford, and the sphere of its usefulness has been slowly but steadily enlarged. To those who desire to live at home or in lodgings it offers full opportunity for study, with all the help to be gained from the lectures attended by the students at the halls. The fees charged for these lectures are the same for all, and amount at the highest to £24 per annum. Suppose, then, a pupil-teacher were to come up to Oxford as an unattached student, she would have to pay the cost of lodging, food, etc., and the fees for these lectures. The former, with economy, need not be more than £10 a term—that is, £30 a year, but tuition would make it £50, and books would not be included in this. But that is not all. For a girl to join the lectures would not be enough; she would gain but little good from them unless she had the assistance of a private tutor who would direct her reading and clear away her difficulties, and £6 or £8 must be added to her expenses to meet this want. We may, therefore, set down £60 as the cost of the education of an unattached student. The question then arises, Would it be worth while for our Board-school pupil-teachers to come to the University to get this training?

The Government grant to each pupil-teacher is £30 a year. She would therefore have to add to this yet another £30, and this sum would only cover the expense of one half the year. The rest of the time she must be supported by her friends at home, or she must gain her living in some way or other. Those among us who know by what strenuous efforts these girls are already supported by their parents, will sorrowfully agree with me that it would be hard work for the parents to find not £30, but even £5, in addition to the help they must render to them during the vacations. And even if they could, would the benefit be sufficiently great to repay them? To give to our vast army of Board-school teachers the width of view, the enlarged sympathies, the steadying sense of their own ignorance, which go to make up the ideal teacher, it would not be enough for them to attend the lectures of even the ablest of our tutors or professors. They must mix in the life of the University; they should mix in society, and learn from courteous kindly women charm of manner. In a word, the social advantages of the University should be thrown open to them. We must sorrowfully own that such a state of things is still an ideal state of things; and that for the most part unattached students remain out in the cold of their solitary lodgings, cheered only by the efforts made by one or two ladies to amend this sad state of things. The Halls are busy with their own concerns. They find it, they say, hard enough to get to know the large party of new members who come up to them each year. They have no time for outside students. This may be true; but we should like to ask whether it is so very important to know every fellow-student? whether the whole work of training teachers might not be helped on in better fashion were the solitary lives of some unattached students brightened and strengthened by social intercourse with their happier sisters in the Halls? Life in Oxford should have as one of its aims the breaking-down of old class distinctions, and our girls should do all that lies within their power to restore the equality which reigned of old among scholars of every degree.

It is true that the founding of a Hall for pupil-teachers would not mend matters much, unless the older Halls were ready to fulfil their duty in this matter; but at any rate the chances of a larger life would be increased, and as an Association such a Hall would at once have a recognised position in the University. And so it would seem that if our Board-school mistresses are ever to be allowed to come to our Universities, it must be when some new scheme has been thought out for them—one based on a simpler mode of life, and tried on a sufficiently large scale to admit of a low rate of fee paying for tuition. For it is not likely that much would be gained by their coming into lodgings in the town and simply attending lectures.

Surely it is worth our while to consider the question. If training such as is offered by Newnham and Somerville, Lady Margaret and Girton, is valuable to the teachers of our wealthier classes, in spite of the impossibility of their obtaining a degree, a training of a similar kind would be a help to that vast army which is now growing up among us to be the teachers of the hundreds of thousands of our infants and girls.

ANNIE BIRKBECK HILL.

A PREHISTORIC VILLAGE.

THE archæologists of Glastonbury have of late been interested in tracing the ancient waterways which still traverse the moor round the island valley of Avilion, and which, as is abundantly proved by old records, were specially used in conveying to the abbey the produce of its outlying vineyards. It was while engaged in following the course of one of these slow-moving streams that Mr. Arthur Bulleid noticed in an adjoining field a series of low mounds, which struck him as so unusual in a perfectly level country like the turf-moor that he obtained permission to explore them. Excavations carried on by this gentleman during the past few weeks have brought to light the remains of human habitations which, to judge from the traces hitherto discovered, were occupied by a primitive race whose arts of life were simple in the extreme. From the appearance of the ground there must have been about sixty of these dwellings, but so far only a few of them have

been examined. Perhaps the most singular point about them is the character of their site. If this was not an actual lake village, standing in the inland sea which in early times covered a wide area of this part of Somerset, it was situated almost on the lowest level of the moor. A mile to the eastward is the Tor of Glastonbury, crowned with the grey tower of St. Michael's Church. Nestling at its foot is the historic little township, with all its myths and memories. Still it lies—

> "Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows";

and although the "summer sea" is now but a gleam of silver on the far horizon, it is only kept back by the walls and sand-hills which extend for miles along the coast. Not once nor twice in the history of Somerset have the sea-walls given way, and in the seventeenth century, in particular, the sea was five feet deep in the streets of Glastonbury, twelve miles inland. To the northward rise the low, grey ramparts of Mendip; to the south the darker line of the Polden Hills, with the Field of Sedgemoor beyond; to westward stretch away to the Channel in one unbroken sweep the far-reaching levels of the moor. These dwellings, then, were a long way from any higher ground than the wide alluvial plain about them, and it is hardly likely that they were accessible except by boat.

At the lowest point which has yet been reached by digging is the remains of a layer of brushwood. On this rests a mound of clay about three feet thick. This clay is not found anywhere near the spot, and must have been brought at least from Glastonbury. It has the appearance of having been hardened by fire, but this may merely be the result of the lighting of many fires on rude hearths of stone, of which in one mound no fewer than five have been built one above another, a pretty fair proof of long-continued occupation. Outside the clay mound, at a depth of three feet below the surface, are pieces of alder, six inches in diameter and about two feet long, which have been driven down into the position in which they were found, and which must have been piles. Although thoroughly softened with their long soaking in the wet peat, the sharpened ends of these logs are as fresh-looking as if cut but yesterday, and the clean marks of the stone axes that were used to bring them to a point look singularly new. The black earth in which they lie is crowded with leaves and twigs of alder and willow; and there can be little doubt that the forest which Asser speaks of as covering the moor round his master's hold at Athelney extended also over this great alluvial plain. Two rough-hewn oaken planks, each with a large hole in the centre, were found lying flat at a depth of three feet. Under each hole was another pointed alder log—part, possibly, of a pole which held up the roof. Many pieces of alder lie horizontally under the clay, as if parts of a foundation, or, as has been suggested, of a sunken raft. Connecting two mounds is a double row of what may have been stepping-stones, and there is also a circle of loose stones, twenty-six feet in diameter, round one mound, which may have marked the limits of the dwelling. No trace of walling has been yet discovered, but pieces of clay have been found which have evidently been pressed against wattled osiers, and which still bear the clear imprint of the builder's fingers.

The tenants of these dwellings evidently lived by the chase, for the peat all round is filled with bones, consisting chiefly of bones and antlers of the roe-buck, horn cores and other remains of the *bos longifrons*, jaws and tusks of the boar, teeth and other relics of deer and even of horses. All the larger bones have been split open, and two bones have been pierced with holes. The pottery, of which there is an immense quantity considering the space that has been explored, is of the very rudest description, coarse and grey, very little of it with any trace of ornament, and most of it apparently not even moulded on a wheel. One beehive-shaped jar—found in fragments, like all the pottery—is about fifteen inches high and about the same in diameter at the mouth. It still shows in one place the impression of the potter's fingers. Two broken halves of mill-stones, a round disc of sandstone, and a couple of tools—scrapers, perhaps—of the same material are the only other domestic implements. By far the most striking object hitherto discovered is a thick ring of jet, an inch and a quarter in diameter, beautifully finished, and still retaining so high a lustre that, looking at the rude and inartistic objects near it, it is hard to realise that it was found in a lump of clay some distance below the surface. The hole through it is larger than that of a spindle-whorl, of which two only have been discovered, and the scratches on one side of it suggest that it was worn as a suspended ornament. One rude clay bead is the only other thing that can have been used for personal decoration. No human bones have been met with, no single fragment of metal has been dug up, and, if we except a few primitive flint flakes, nothing that can be regarded as a weapon. Only three of the dwellings have been examined, but the owner of the field has consented to allow a portion of it to be railed off, with a view to thorough and systematic exploration. The nature of the soil is such that digging is greatly interfered with by the constant oozing in of water, and a complete examination of the ground will be possible only after a long spell of dry weather.

K.

MR. FROUDE'S ENGLISH—IN ENGLAND.

IS a writer who cannot trace the fortunes of a noun through a sentence to be trusted to trace the fortunes of a nation through a century? Can a man whose choice between a singular and a plural appears to be little better than guesswork speak with authority on the question whether there should be one or more than one Parliament in the United Kingdom? Such are the questions suggested by a careful perusal of Mr. Froude's "History of England." As to the importance of Mr. Froude's historical works there can be no two opinions. As to their accuracy there are many. As to their literary value there appears to be but one. As a master of English he is ranked with Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Pater, and Mr. Stevenson. A critic who wants to be beforehand cannot do better than prepare eulogies on the splendour of the English before any forthcoming book of Mr. Froude's is placed in his hands. He will find himself in good company, and singing in unison with the whole "choir invisible" of critics. We venture to dissent; we say that not merely has Mr. Froude no claim to be set by the side of the writers above named, but that of all our uncrowned "Immortals," with the possible exception of Mr. Rider Haggard, he is the one who writes the worst and most vicious English.

We take down at random the first volume of the popular edition of Mr. Froude's "History of England." Equally at random, we open it at p. 40, we read on to p. 54. There are within these limits—to which we shall strictly confine ourselves—exclusive of foot-notes and translated or quoted matter, forty-five sentences for which Mr. Froude is solely responsible. Of these forty-five sentences, no fewer than twenty-five would, if standing in the essay of a schoolboy of, say, fifteen, draw down the condemnation of any averagely intelligent, conscientious Board-school master. We have no intention of dealing with the whole twenty-five sentences, but shall consider only those in which what we may call the key-vices of Mr. Froude's English are illustrated. It is beyond our power to classify them as we should wish, according to their respective ailments, inasmuch as many of them suffer from a complication of disorders. We shall, therefore, simply set them out in the order in which they occur and add our

comments in foot notes or in parentheses as may be most convenient.

P. 40, s. 2. "Shallow's broad features have so English a cast about them, that we may be sure there were many such, and that the duty was not always very excellently done." Such what? Broad features. This is not a slip. Let those who think it is compare this sentence with s. 2, on p. 45, cited below. The comparison will show that it is one of Mr. Froude's constant practices to state simple facts ornately, and consequently, incorrectly. A careful reader cannot fail to see that what Mr. Froude does is, having written a simple sentence, to paraphrase it in schoolboy manner—by not using, if possible, any word used in the original sentence. He can leave nothing, not even a word (v. p. 40, s. 3, "*Repose* upon their dignity"), in a state of nature. This affected indirectness we shall call "paraphrase." The next sentence reads: "The Justice of the Peace was required to keep surveillance over all persons within his district, and over himself *in his own turn* there was a surveillance no less sharp, and penalties for neglect, prompt and peremptory." In this sentence there are illustrated no less than three more vices characteristic of Mr. Froude's English. A strange fatality attends Mr. Froude's use of the words "self" (v. also p. 50, s. 2, and p. 51, s. 5) and "own" (v. also p. 51, s. 5, and p. 53, s. 3).

It is not too much to say that one could identify Mr. Froude's work by the misuse of these two words alone. The second vice is that of inversion for inversion's sake. For this Mr. Froude has a perfect passion (v. also p. 41, s. 1; p. 50 s. 4, and p. 50 s. 5), and it is to be regretted that in the above sentence he is so far carried away by that passion as to invent a new class of neglect—the "prompt and peremptory." Lastly, the "was" should be were. Similar mistakes are very common in Mr. Froude's writing; another instance is to be found in p. 45, s. 2.

P. 45 is almost entirely consumed by a single sentence (s. 2), which is intended vividly to represent a scene in sixteenth century life. There is much internal evidence to show that it was written in lodgings; its volubility and more than one of its idiomatic expressions point to the influence of a landlady. We have found it necessary to insert our comments in parentheses. The sentence runs —stumbling a little as it gets blown, and going very "groggy" towards the finish—thus:—"We hear of the 'glory of hospitality,' England's pre-eminent boast by the rules of which all tables from the table of the twenty-shilling freeholder to the table in the baron's hall and abbey refectory (there's another table wanted here, Mr. Froude!) were open at the dinner-hour to all comers, without stint or reserve or *question asked* (Ah! Mrs. Todgers!). To every man according to his degree, who chose to ask for it (You can't get a degree so easy nowadays; no, not at Cambridge College you can't), there was (? were) free fare and free lodging; bread, beef, and beer for his dinner; for his lodging perhaps only a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall, with a billet of wood for a pillow; but freely offered and freely taken ('freely taken'! Come, Mrs. Todgers; could you expect the host to pay the guest for sleeping there? Ah, yes! we understand; it's only your way of putting things), the guest, probably, faring much as his host fared, neither better nor worse." This sentence illustrates another mechanical grace of Mr. Froude's, that of discarding the use of verbs towards the end of a long and trying sentence. As his last verb was "was" when it should have been "were," we cannot blame him. Another instance of the coldness which springs up between Mr. Froude and his verbs is to be found in p. 51, s. 5. But the sentence is open to a much graver objection. In attempting the portrayal of a scene it is well to observe the unities of time and place. Now Mr. Froude starts with, at least, two places; the hall and the refectory, but drops the refectory before getting very far, and only the hall is left. Again, the time at the beginning of the sentence is the dinner-hour—mid-day—but before the sentence is finished half the guests are in bed. A writer who really "saw" the scene could never have written thus, and a man who sets about writing history without the power of forming a clear mental picture of the scenes with which he has to deal is wanting in one of the chief qualities of a great historian.

P. 50, s. 2. "If the tendency of trade to assume at last a form of mere self-interest be irresistible; if political economy represent the laws to which in the end *it* is forced to submit *itself*; the nation spared no effort, either of art or policy, to defer to the last moment the unwelcome conclusion." This sentence not only illustrates Mr. Froude's unfortunate relations with pronouns—for the "it" is ambiguous, the "itself" redundant—but his still more unfortunate practice of stating nothing directly. He could have said what he meant simply and shortly; but he uses a wealth of words from which the nation emerges very meanly. A nation which spends its time in "deferring conclusions," does not deserve to have its history written. And notice, moreover, that Mr. Froude does not absolutely state the one fact to insist upon which he has written this rhetorical sentence. For he leaves the fact whether or not the nation behaved in this singular manner, dependent upon the correctness or incorrectness of modern theories regarding trade. For the credit of our forefathers let us hope that these theories are not correct.

P. 51, s. 3. . . "to insure that all wares offered for sale should honestly be what *they pretend* to be." So that when the justice was tired of trying "faces" (p. 45, s. 3) he could turn to trying bread and butter; and send them to the stocks for obtaining money by false pretences. Mrs. Todgers has given way to Mr. Brooke, of Middlemarch, who remains with Mr. Froude for some time. We refer those readers who are fond of parallel passages to the lament of the M.P. who informed his constituents that it cost a cheese twice as much to travel from Kirkcudbright to London as from Kirkcudbright to New York. Two sentences later we have Mr. Brooke again, but not at his brightest. The final "look to it" is a favourite expression of Mr. Froude's.

P. 53, s. 3. "Further, this Council received the reports of the searchers—high officers taken from their own body, whose business was. . . ." Another instance of Mr. Froude's constant misadventures with pronouns: the "their," even were there no "own," can refer only to the officers, for in the previous sentence Mr. Froude elects to treat "council" as a singular. The slightest change, therefore, which will let any sense into this perplexing sentence is the change of "body" into "bodies." That amendment made, the sentence records, somewhat clumsily, the employment of spiritualism in the detection of crime. Mr. Froude does not mean to record anything of the kind. The next sentence reads: "In each provincial town, local councils sat in connection with the municipal authorities, who fulfilled, in these places, the same duties; and their reports being forwarded to the central body and considered by them, representations on all necessary matters were then made to the Privy Council; and by the Privy Council if requisite were submitted to Parliament." We have noticed the influence on Mr. Froude's English of Mrs. Todgers and Mr. Brooke. In this sentence we see another influence at work, that of the "old man a-sitting on a gate" of whom his interviewer reports in the pages of "Through the Looking Glass"—"his answer trickled through my head like water through a sieve." We refrain from further comment on a sentence which has made no impression on our mind save one of worry.

Here we will close the book. Of the total forty-five sentences above indicated, we have, it is true, considered but a dozen. Had we space we could pick

out at least a dozen more, as faulty as those extracted. We think, however, that we have done and said enough to convince any impartial person (not being Mrs. Todgers, Mr. Brooke, or "the old man") that Mr. Froude's English has no place by the side of the English of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Pater, or Mr. Stevenson.

HENRY RABUSSON.

THE phrase "Society Novel" is an odious vulgarism, and so, as a rule, is the thing. But when the thing comes to hand the phrase must be used, and it must be used to label M. Henry Rabusson's "Bon Garçon" (Calmann - Lévy). M. Rabusson belongs to the best, indeed the only tolerable, order of Society novelists. He knows, or at least produces the impression of knowing, what he is talking about. He is master of his subject, not its dupe. He writes like a gentleman. He does not romance, as Feuillet, for instance, did, on mundane topics; nor does he lash about him savagely. He feels that any kind of posturing, the satirist's included, would be bad form. His stories may, indeed, all be twisted by the eager moralist into sermons on the text about the camel and the eye of the needle. But they are not sermons when they leave M. Rabusson's hands: they are straightforward tales of Parisian society, which have the double merit of brevity and of being told in excellent French. His tone is cynical, to be sure, his philosophy a form of pessimism, his style dry—to desiccation. But these qualities—like them or loathe them as you may—have the merit of according with his theme. If you are wise, you will not read him for the story any more than you would Mr. Henry James. Nor will you go to him for elaborate studies of character—that is, of individual character: it is the character of the crowd, the fashionable crowd, which he makes his affair. He seeks this crowd in its favourite haunts, paints the background for you with a sort of Jan Van Beers facility; and if, as is not unlikely, you find the pictures of the places more diverting than the pictures of the people, that is, doubtless, because—to use a pedantic jargon which M. Rabusson would repudiate—the organism is, in the world of fashion, somewhat less important than the environment.

In "Bon Garçon" the environment becomes a shifting panorama. You start with Dieppe. Opportunity for a sketch of the gamblers at "petits chevaux" in the Casino. Do not expect a Hogarth or a Cruikshank picture of the evils of gambling. No, you are just shown the banality, the tedium of it.

"For the moment his attention, the whole intensity of his thought, is concentrated on horse No. 4. Will the little tin quadruped pass the post or not? If it tops in time, it will win, for it is towards the end of its course, and far in advance of the others; if it goes further, it loses, as only a few centimètres separate it from the post, which it must not pass.

"'No. 4 wins,' cries the attendant.

"'You may believe me or not,' says an old lady to her neighbour, 'but I always win when I have one of my dog's claws about me. I cut one off the poor little thing only last week.'

"Her neighbour, who has also won, in another series, counts the seventeen francs handed to him twice over, and answers—

"'It isn't much, is it? But all the same, confess, ma'am, that if we were playing for beans, it would,'" &c. &c.

After the Casino, another fashionable amusement—amateur shrimping. Opportunity for discreet descriptions of the charms of the ladies, which the special costume required for this exercise not altogether discreetly reveals. Opportunity for incipient flirtations between various couples—married, of course. The hero flirts with his wife's sister.

Arrival of a big steam-yacht, owned by *nouveaux riches*, who have made a vast fortune out of army victualling. Opportunity for describing the very newest *nouveaux riches*. They are not Jourdains; they are not Poiriers; nor are they in the least like the enriched burgesses of M. Ohnet. They are very noisy, they play practical jokes on one another, and they keep to themselves.

"The new sort of millionaires have abruptly broken with the traditions of the older parvenus; they marry among themselves, find their amusement among themselves, and give no thought to the disdain or envy of the people with armorial bearings. In that respect, at any rate, they are one degree less ridiculous than their predecessors."

Nevertheless, it seems that these new people follow the good old rule, the simple plan: they flirt with one another's wives. The hero's flirtation with his sister-in-law is getting serious. Presently the scene shifts to Paris. Opportunity for description of modern fancy-dress ball (a dozen pages). A scene in a boudoir reproduces the episode of the cave in the Fourth Book of the Æneid, and so the hero's flirtation with his sister-in-law becomes something to be called by another name.

The panorama passes to Nice—of course, in the Carnival season. Opportunity for a description of the Battle of Flowers, and of the four-in-hand of the noisy army-victuallers. The hero's wife is beginning to have her suspicions. Her husband, you are given to understand, adores her, despite his goings-on with the sister-in-law. In fact, the thesis of M. Rabusson's book—if it has any thesis—is a quasi-apology for the polygamous instinct of the average sensual man. It is also, in some sort, a refutation of the Wild Oats theory. For the hero's wife has had confidence in him, on the familiar reasoning that reformed rakes make the best husbands, until she makes the painful discovery that rakes never do reform. This is how the hero presumes to lecture the poor ill-used lady:—

"I won't attempt to excuse myself. I am what I have always been, what you despise—a man of pleasure. Don't cry over such a trifle. . . . You see, these things, which have an enormous importance in a woman's eyes, take up so very little room in a man's existence! . . . In short, I have sinned—shall sin, maybe, again; but I am not a monster: I am a man, *tout bêtement*."

But the easy-going philosophy by which the hero (we have used this word, please observe, merely in its technical sense) settles the vexed question of marriage—which is not marriage—with a deceased wife's sister (when the wife is not deceased) soon breaks down. He has reckoned without satiety. And he has reckoned without another event which will occasionally happen in the course of nature—and which we prefer to let the reader guess for himself. Nor will we reveal the conclusion of the whole matter. It is intended to enforce the view which M. Rabusson shares with Mr. George Meredith, that most men have not yet rounded Cape Turk, and that, however much we may deplore it, it is no good shutting our eyes to the fact.

THE DRAMA.

"THE MAELSTRÖM"—"NIOBE."

ACCORDING to the melancholy Jaques, *ducdàme* was an invocation "to call fools into a circle." I am sometimes inclined to suspect that a Wicked Fairy has written *ducdàme* over the portals of all our playhouses. The amount of sheer hopeless ineptitude that finds its way to the theatre is appalling. In the contribution, the substantial contribution of the audience towards the sum total of fatuity, there should be nothing to surprise us. We have to remember that this audience is composed largely of people who are either too lazy or too ignorant to read, as well as of people who go to the

theatre as they go to church or to a picture gallery—simply from the gregarious instinct that they may find themselves in a numerous company, and so escape the boredom of their own mental vacuity. The players, too, contribute a goodly share of the same commodity, and so, I shall be reminded (rightly, no doubt, for it would be fatuous to suppose our noble selves exempted from the general law), do the critics. Then there are the managers. Is it not astonishing that these men—persons presumably with a faculty for business, since they are capitalists, or possess the ear of capitalists—should be seen producing piece after piece which never from the first could have had any chance of being anything else than abject failures? But, after all, the playwrights are the worst offenders. Oh! the indescribable nonsense which men, clever men, men who in other fields of energy show themselves capable of good work, will permit themselves to write for the stage! Yes, there must be some special hobgoblin of the playhouse for ever going up and down, with the cry of *ducdàme*.

These may be gloomy reflections, but they force themselves on anyone who has seen *The Maelström* at the Shaftesbury. Here is a piece in which, I declare, from first to last there is not a scintilla of common sense; the sort of piece which makes a man ashamed of his trade as a critic. For it is bad enough to have had to witness such nonsense, but to have to sit down afterwards in cold blood and discuss it is simply horrible. A contributor to last week's SPEAKER said, very truly, that the favourite trick of reviewing novels in the form of a facetious summary of the plot was not a very fair one. The remark applies with equal justice, of course, to the reviewing of plays. It is perfectly possible by adroit selection and a touch of exaggeration to describe the plot of *Hamlet*, or *L'École des Femmes*, so as to make Shakespeare and Molière appear mighty foolish persons whom the critic could, had he so chosen, easily have beaten at their own game. But there are some plays which are so inherently ridiculous that the most straightforward and conscientious description of them is bound to read like a grossly ungenerous and unfair burlesque. I fear that is the case with *The Maelström*. Let us give its author, Mr. Mark Melford, credit for a worthy motive in the initial conception of his play. He has sought, as Sophocles and Shakespeare and other great men sought before him, to purge us of pity and terror by the spectacle of madness on the stage. But that is a high emprise and, as Master François Villon sings, "ne faict pas ce tour qui veult." When Mr. Melford's madman, instead of exciting pity and terror, only provokes the derisive laughter of the pit, even when he is strangling the villain of the play or shooting himself, it is evident that ce tour has fallen far short of accomplishment. There are, I submit to Mr. Melford, at least three reasons for this. 1. There is the patent absurdity of the story which he has woven round his maniac, Lucius Tierce. Gertrude has married Lucius (before, it should be said, his madness is suspected) whom she does not love, and so jilted Edward Hartleigh, whom she does, merely at the bidding of her guardian. Why? Then Hartleigh discovers from a photograph of Tierce's what he had failed to detect from a prolonged interview with the original—that Tierce is a maniac of homicidal tendencies. Why? Although Edward is a medical man of some experience, his first step on discovering the truth about Tierce is to communicate it abruptly to Gertrude. Her first step on learning the truth is to goad Tierce into a dangerous paroxysm by calling him a madman; her next is to leave the house and to allow her shawl to be found on the edge of a pond, so that she may be thought to have committed suicide. When Tierce hears of her death, his first step—he is a sculptor—is to model a statue of her, which he conceals behind velvet curtains and apostrophises at every other moment. Why is this statue business introduced? It has no dramatic significance. It leads to nothing. Then comes a scene which, I suppose, Mr. Melford intended for the crowning incident, the *clou*, of his piece. The wicked guardian who had compelled his ward to marry Tierce is now, after inducing the maniac to assign his fortune to him, the guardian, by deed of gift—one need not pause to examine this characteristic instance of stage-law—anxious to get Tierce consigned to a private lunatic asylum. But the madman, discovering the plot, strangles the guardian *coram populo*—a scene so complicated by melodramatic alarums and excursions, locking and unlocking of innumerable doors, and stealthy cat-like perlustrations of the apartment, that it was greeted by the whole house on the first night with boisterous laughter. Ten years elapse, and we find Gertrude married, as she supposes, to Edward Hartleigh, having accepted from him, without apparently the slightest evidence, the statement that Tierce is dead. As a matter of fact, Tierce has been confined in an asylum, whence he escapes, and comes to ——, but really I cannot go on narrating the absurdities of Mr. Melford's plot. I pass on (2) to the next of my three reasons why Mr. Melford has not accomplished *ce tour*—the pompous rhodomontade of his language. That his maniac should be made to rave is appropriate enough, but even the wild and whirling words of insanity do not, I believe, run, as Tierce's are constantly made to run, into blank verse form. Worse still, all the professedly sane people talk equally high-falutin' nonsense. "Tell your master I have left him for ever," says Gertrude to the maid-servant. Lastly (3), Mr. Melford excited laughter where he aimed at terror by playing his madman himself. His upturned eyes, his twitching brow, his gestures, his attitudes (modelled apparently on the "Anglo-Saxon attitudes" of another lunatic, Mr. Lewis Carroll's "mad hatter") beggar description. Altogether *The Maelström* produced on my mind the impression of some grotesque nightmare. Once more I ask why hard cash is expended on the rent of playhouses and the salaries of players for the production of such enormities? *Ducdàme! ducdàme!*

Fortunately, it is not only fools who are called into the circle of the playhouse. The authors of *Niobe* at the Strand, Messrs. Harry and Edward Paulton, know what they are about: they intend to make you laugh, and they succeed. In one of Mr. Ruskin's minor volumes (I think it must be "Aratra Pentelici") there is a plate contrasting the head of an Apollo of Pheidias with that of a nineteenth-century city man—the one all dignity, grace, classic outline: the other a rotund, ignoble visage such as, say, Mr. Charles Keene drew by scores. This is the contrast which has been worked out dramatically at the Strand, where they show you a marble statue of Niobe brought (through accidental contact with the wires of the electric light) to life in a modern middle-class household. It is, of course, no new idea: Mr. Anstey has already made the most of it in his "Tinted Venus." Nor is its treatment at the Strand by any means masterly. But it serves its modest purpose of providing a couple of hours of bustling fun. I assume that you know Mr. Harry Paulton and will not, therefore, require to be told how droll are his embarrassments as the Charles Keene burgess confronted by the stately widow of Amphion. No better actress could have been found for the Niobe than Miss Beatrice Lamb, whom Mother Nature made an animated statue before this piece was written. Who, by the way, supplied the lady with the few lines of Greek which she mouths so prettily? Mr. Harry Paulton is a clever actor, but nobody, to my knowledge, has hitherto accused him of Hellenism. Seeing the name of Hawtrey in the cast, a name with academic as well as histrionic traditions, I half-suspect a third collaborator in *Niobe*. Be that as it may, even on the farcical stage, "Un peu de Grec"—if Mr. Andrew Lang will allow me to borrow one of his quotations—"ne gâte rien."

A. B. W.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

NO doubt some readers of THE SPEAKER remember the excellent exhibition of pictures held last autumn in the Dudley Gallery by the members of the New English Art Club. No doubt many remember the two life-size figures by Mr. Sargent; the wood all strangled by the snow, by Monet; and the wonderful "Leçon de Danse" by Degas. Nor do I think that the two charming pictures by Mr. Steer, or Mr. Sickert's portrait of the writer of this article, or Mr. Mark Fisher's exquisite "Farmyard" can be forgotten; such pictures persist in memory. The show was quite an extraordinary one, and it was clear, if its high level of excellence could be maintained, that the New English Art Club would succeed in damaging the reputation of the Academy more seriously than the Grosvenor Gallery had ever done. But could the New English Art Club maintain that high level of excellence? It was when I heard that the New English Art Club intended to risk another show—although six months had hardly elapsed since their last—that I despaired. What could a second show mean but painting for exhibition? and painting for exhibition is in art what writing for "notices" is in literature. The meaning of, the intention of, what most interested me in the New English Art Club was that it was a protest against the vice of painting for exhibition. Which has done the most harm to art, modern artistic training or picture exhibitions?

The newspaper has suppressed old-fashioned modesty, but there is surely some middle path between the privacy of old times and the loud commercialism of the Royal Academy. I thought that this middle path had been found by the New English Art Club: a group of artists animated by the same æstheticism exhibiting their pictures at undetermined intervals. "Undetermined intervals" is perhaps too high an ideal for our nineteenth century life, and a small annual exhibition might be borne with—might even be looked forward to with pleasure. So quite candidly do I tell the New English Art Club that if it intends a bi-annual exhibition—I should say a bi-annual hurrying up with pictures and a general turning out of studios—that it will lose all force, all vitality, and will sink before it is aware into decline and decrepitude. The temptation to make immediate money is a deadly temptation, and the sale of our birthright for a mess of pottage is futile greed. "Do not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

So much censure cannot fail to produce the impression that the present exhibition is an intolerable falling-off from the last. Let me hasten to correct this inevitable but erroneous impression. The present exhibition shows a falling-off, but the decline is by no means so rapid as might have been expected; and those who would study the tendency of English Art must still go to the Dudley Gallery. Besides tendency, some excellent pictures will be found there; and the present exhibition is especially noticeable for the discovery of a new man, Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy. The Prince exhibits what he calls a study for a portrait in the open air. Why study? for the Prince has carried his work as far as he can carry it, and I can hardly believe that he intends any variant on the present picture. Unfortunately, the work belongs to the school whose first principle of art is that the brushes should be wiped upon the canvas and all remnants of paint placed there with the palette knife. I have protested before against the plasterer-painter. The brushes of the old masters glided, swept, leaned; they were never filled with heavy gluey matter; and passing broadly or minutely according to the exigencies of the object treated, and in direct communication with the brain, they added all necessary accents and characteristic touches. And is it not a material impossibility that all sensibility of handicraft must disappear in this brush-wiping and palette-knifing execution? It is very modern, too, to streak violet between the furrows of paint, and if the greens and blues, in the sacred cause of *plein air*, are kept very high in tone the painter may flatter himself that he is *tout à fait dans le mouvement*. But great art is never *dans le mouvement*. I regret the cheap and excessive modernism—perhaps modernity would be a better word—of this picture. I hate the principle of the execution, but I cannot pass on without complimenting the Prince on his excellent drawing and the power of comprehension and delineation of character. The face is an excellent piece of work. Not far away there is a small picture by Mr. Edward Stott called "On a Summer Afternoon." This is probably the most entirely satisfactory picture in the Exhibition. The subject is some boys undressing in an orchard preparatory to going to bathe in the river, which we do not see, but which is sufficiently indicated by the attitudes of two figures higher up in the picture. The hour is probably ten o'clock in the morning, for the atmosphere is soft and moist. The sunlight is breaking through the branches, and one bright drop falls on the white flesh of the boy sitting on the grass. The principal figure stands close by within the cool green shadow of an apple tree. He has lifted off his shirt. The painting of the body is that fluent, limpid execution which we admire in the Dutch masters. The figure is in and not out of the atmosphere. The silvery bloom of the atmosphere is on the flesh, and it would be difficult to praise this part of the picture too highly. The painter has achieved something which I have often seen attempted, but hardly seen achieved before. The brown trousers are not very happy, and the drawing of the sunlight that drops on the shoulders of the boy sitting down seems weak, and the spots of sky between the branches are loosely and awkwardly indicated, but as a whole the picture is an excellent piece of work, of which Mr. Stott has every reason to feel proud. Mr. Steer exhibits a full-length portrait of a lady, a back view, the face in profile against a blue sky. She is dressed in black and is walking on a balcony. The sky is intentionally conventional, the treatment being intentionally in the style of last century, in the manner of Gainsborough and Romney. The picture shows how great were these old masters, and destroys the modern notion that anyone can paint a conventional sky. A conventional sky is just as difficult to paint as a "realistic" sky, perhaps more so; and if there be anyone who thinks this is not so I will ask him to copy the sky in that beautiful picture by Gainsborough which hangs on the staircase in the National Gallery. Though Mr. Steer's sky is not a failure, it cannot be said to be wholly successful, and the head which he has painted upon it is even less satisfactory. It seems to be wanting both in drawing and in quality. This is to be all the more regretted for the painting of the figure is excellent. All the passementerie on the dress is beautifully rendered, and the black is full of delicate greys which give sensation of movement and atmosphere. To make up for this partial failure Mr. Steer exhibits a girl's head which is altogether charming and delightful. On either side of Mr. Steer's full-length portrait of Mrs. Petre hang two full-length portraits by Mr. C. W. Furse. Both show the influence of Mr. Whistler. It would be as impossible to deny that the work is immature as it would be to deny that it is full of promise. Mr. Mark Fisher exhibits two pictures, and it is almost needless to say that both are charming. Apparently this artist sells at a third or a quarter of the usual price of Messrs. Leader and Murray. The state of mind of the man who prefers a Leader or a Murray to a Fisher is more than I can imagine. Mr. Rousell exhibits two portraits. Of the two I prefer that of Mr. Bernard Sickert. Mr. Walter Sickert, unfortunately, only exhibits a very slight sea piece—done, I should say, some years ago. It is very charming, but I hope next time he will exhibit a new and more important

work. He is one of the mainstays of the exhibition. Mr. Steer's portrait of Miss Nellie Kauffmann is rather commonplace, especially in the treatment of the head and hair and arms. There is some nice colour in the dress, but I like better his portrait of Mr. Harold Frederic. The modelling is full of expression, and if I mistake not that eye and cheek and forehead and nose are as good as anything this painter has done.

One of the best things in the gallery, and the best thing I have seen by the painter, is Mr. George Thompson's portrait of himself—a very fine characteristic piece of work. There are many other pictures in the gallery of which I should like to speak, but truth to tell I have not sufficiently seen the exhibition. On another occasion I hope to do justice to those whom I have wronged to-day.

G. M.

THE WEEK.

THE love of two sisters for one man has been a favourite subject with English writers. It is in SCOTT, FENIMORE COOPER, DICKENS, TENNYSON—twice in TENNYSON—and doubtless the reader's memory will supply other instances. MR. SWINBURNE has also been attracted by this theme. Long ago he expressed a profound admiration for TENNYSON's ballad "The Sisters," and that is the title of his new tragedy which MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have in the press.

MR. J. S. COTTON, the editor of the *Academy* and a notable specialist on Indian affairs, is the author of the forthcoming volume in "The Rulers of India" series (Clarendon Press), a biography of MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE. MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY'S "Life of the Earl of Derby" is the new volume of the "Queen's Prime Ministers" series (SAMPSON LOW). MR. HEINEMANN promises two new novels by MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, "Woman and the Man," and "Come Live with Me and be My Love." Other forthcoming novels are "Maid Marian and Robin Hood" (CHATTO), by MR. J. E. MUDDOCK; "The Bushranger's Sweetheart" (WHITE), by MR. HUME NISBET; "Wynter's Masterpiece" (SWAN), by MR. FREDERICK LEAL; "Oriole's Daughter" and "The Head of the Firm" (HEINEMANN), by JESSIE FOTHERGILL and MRS. T. H. RIDDELL respectively. In *belles lettres* we are to have PROFESSOR CAIRD'S "Essays in Literature and Philosophy" (MACLEHOSE), "Noontide Essays" (BLACKWOOD), by SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, and MR. WILLIAM CLARKE'S "Walt Whitman" in MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co.'s "Dilettante Series."

ONE of the best literary and dramatic critics in France, M. RENÉ DOUMIC, has published, under the title "Portraits d'Écrivains," eight studies of modern French novelists and dramatists. The most important essay is that on M. DUMAS FILS. It contains a happy *mot* made by a Parisian who has said more clever things and produced more unsuccessful plays than anybody else. Asked what he thought would remain of M. DUMAS' morality, he replied, "Que croyez-vous qu'il restera de la morale de M. Dumas?—Il restera . . . l'autre." There is no need to say, as M. FAGUET does, "the remark is charming; the idea, false." A witty saying of M. FAGUET'S own making will bear reproduction. Referring to the necessity the moralist is under of securing attention by questionable means, he quotes the phrase "violenti rapiunt illud," and remembers that his first schoolmaster seemed to translate it, "To hold the ears of one's pupils it is necessary to pull them."

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE thirtieth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (SMITH, ELDER & Co.) extends from JOHNES to KENNETH. MR. LESLIE STEPHEN writes of DR. JOHNSON; PROFESSOR HERFORD of BEN JONSON; MR. SIDNEY COLVIN of KEATS; and MR. JOSEPH KNIGHT of the KEANS and the KEMBLES. There is not much room for graces of style in the close tissue of fact of which these most valuable volumes are woven; but it is amazing, when a writer is steeped in his subject, how much suggestion and allusion he can crowd into a condensed record. The writers whose names are mentioned above, and other contributors to the "Dictionary of National Biography," by phrases, by single epithets, lighten their compact narratives, as if by countless windows, through which we can often see the whole period in which a man lived surging about him.

IN attempting to bring his admirable series of "Great French Writers" (UNWIN) under the notice of the British public, MR. J. J. JUSSERAND has been influenced by the consideration that in coming to England the series comes back to the country of its birth, the first idea of the undertaking having been derived from the "English Men of Letters"; and also by the consideration that there are perhaps no two literatures in the world whose reciprocal action has been more constant throughout centuries, with richer, deeper, and more lasting effects. A translation of "Great French Writers" will help to show English readers how the two literatures have supplemented and corroborated each other, and have become vitally correlated. M. ALBERT SOREL'S "Madame de Staël" begins the series.

UNDER the title of "From the Easy Chair" (OSGOOD), MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS has reprinted some of his genial editorial discourses. Actors, lecturers, singers, and poets are MR. CURTIS'S favourite subjects, but he also handles a number of interesting social topics with delicate irony—lifting the skin here and there to show that he could probe if he chose. The book has an odd but agreeable binding.

THE manuscript of DR. ATKINSON'S new book, "Play-hours and Half-Holidays" (MACMILLAN) has been lying by him for thirty-two years. Such a space of time, it is needless to say, has afforded the author many and continuous opportunities of adding to his knowledge and modifying conclusions he had previously arrived at. Among these conclusions a prominent one is the set of ideas involved in the so-called "British Village" theory. The conviction has forced itself on DR. ATKINSON that this theory—the theory involved in the phrase "ancient British settlement"—is, as applied to Cleveland, utterly baseless. It would look as if DR. ATKINSON had again been fortunate enough to produce a book of importance to the specialist, as well as generally entertaining.

IN consequence of the exceptional demand for MR. SPURGEON'S "Messages to the Multitude," publication is delayed until Tuesday, the 26th inst.

MANY times during the spell of very fine weather that we have been experiencing lately, the question has been asked as to whether the sun-spots are in any way connected with it or not. The spots are patches, dark relatively to the surface of the sun, which are seen to float across his surface, and one would at first think that they might be conceived to act as screens; but this is not so. Spots are the results, and, indeed, the chief indications of solar activity, so that the greater this activity the more plentiful would they become. There are periods when we have many and few spots; these occur at intervals of about eleven years. The last

minimum occurred in 1889. At the present moment we are approaching a time at which his surface is becoming more and more spotted, and the climax will be reached next year, after which they will gradually become less numerous until they reach the next succeeding minimum. Now the presence or absence of spots simply means that more or less heat is coming down from the sun, and as we are approaching a maximum there most probably has been a slight increase in our temperature for the past two or three years. This increase or decrease of heat can only affect our earth generally, so that all local disturbances, as far as we can say, cannot reckon their origin in the sun, at any rate, directly.

When the period of eleven years was first discovered many attempts were made to find out whether corresponding fluctuations occurred with us. Mr. Meldrum showed that cyclones in the Indian Ocean were most frequent when sun-spots were most extensive, while the rainfall at Madras, the Cape of Good Hope, and other stations was also found to suffer an increase at such a time. These statements have given rise to the closest possible discussion, with the general result that it is now conceded that there may be such a connection over large areas. But, to come back to the recent weather, the meteorological reports have shown us that a large anti-cyclone has been hovering in our vicinity. On Tuesday last its centre was nearly over the North of Scotland. If it could be proved that there is a general anti-cyclonic system similar to this one round the whole belt of the northern hemisphere, then we should be justified perhaps in attributing this to a general cause; but it is entirely unphilosophical to refer back to a general cause for what, so far as we know, is only taking place locally.

Among the deaths announced since our last issue are those of Dr. J. W. Tripe, a well-known authority on hygiene; Prof. C. P. Caspari, the Biblical scholar and Orientalist; the Rev. T. L. Wheeler, long the secretary of the Three Choirs Meeting at Worcester; Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, a leading surgeon of Philadelphia; Mr. A. G. Finlaison, a statistician of repute in actuarial matters; Captain Middleton, a well-known cross-country rider; and Mr. James Goater, the jockey.

ELECTORAL PROSPECTS IN DENMARK.

(From our Copenhagen Correspondent.)

The impending General Election in Denmark, which is to be decided immediately after Easter, has naturally attracted very considerable attention on account of the gradual alteration in the political situation during the last year or two. The struggle between the Government, sticking to their guns with unfaltering perseverance, and the Liberal party, clamouring for Parliamentary rights beyond what the Constitution literally meant the Folkething to have, has now been going on for a number of years, rendering the labours of the Legislature almost completely futile. Then, a couple of years ago, the Moderate fraction of the Left, desiring to see some much-needed, useful legislative work done, agreed to co-operate — for this purpose alone, and without surrendering any of their old Liberal principles — with the Right and the Government, with the result that a number of good, practical laws have been passed during the last two Sessions.

It is on this basis that the present election is being fought. From the common-sense point of view, the Moderates would appear to have a decided advantage over their former Radical comrades—now their bitterest opponents—who are sadly in want of a positive programme; but as far as the platform and agitation generally are concerned, the latter probably hold the best cards. Too short a time has yet passed for the general body of electors to fully appreciate the really useful work in which the Moderates have assisted; and although the split in the Liberal camp may help to secure the return of a Conservative member here and there, and although a Moderate may in a few places, perhaps, supplant a Radical, it is hardly likely that great changes will take place. Still, Danish elections have often brought surprises, and it is just possible that the bungling tactics of one or two of the leading Radicals —there is no such thing as a real Radical leader— may have done more damage than now appears.

Within the Conservative party also a greater spirit of moderation seems to prevail, and one of the most extreme of the Government party, Professor Matzen, has undoubtedly lost much of his influence during the last twelvemonth. Meanwhile, two or three younger politicians, holding more moderate views, are in the ascendant.

There is every reason to believe that a central political party will be formed, comprising the Moderate Left as well as the Moderate Right, holding aloof from extreme Conservatism as well as from Radicalism and Socialism. Another week will show whether the elections of next Tuesday will, to any marked extent, advance any development in that direction, or whether the constituencies will once more sanction the old—and undoubtedly extremely unsatisfactory—order of things.

A FAITHFUL HEART.

It was a lovely morning, and Major Shepherd walked rapidly, his toes turned well out, his shoulders set well back. Behind him floated the summer foliage of Appleton Park—the family seat of the Shepherds—and at the end of the smooth, white road lay the Major's destination—the small town of Branbury.

The Major was the medium height; his features were regular and cleanly cut. He would have been a handsome man if his eyes had not been two dark, mud-coloured dots, set close together, wholly lacking in expression. A long brown moustache swept picturesquely over bright, smoothly shaven cheeks, and the ends of this ornament were beginning to whiten. The Major was over forty. He carried under his arm a brown-paper parcel (the Major was rarely seen without a brown-paper parcel), and in it were things he could not possibly do without—his diary and his letter-book. The brown-paper parcel contained likewise a number of other papers; it contained the Major's notes for a book he was writing on the principal county families in Buckinghamshire. The Major had been collecting information for this book for many years, and with it he hoped to make two or three hundred pounds—money which he stood sorely in need of—and to advance his position in the county, a position which, in his opinion, his father had done little to maintain, and which, to his very deep regret, his sisters were now doing their best to compromise. That very morning, while packing up his brown-paper parcel, some quarter of an hour ago, he had had a somewhat angry interview on this subject with his sisters. For he had thought it his duty to reprove them for keeping company with certain small London folk who had chosen to come to live in the neighbourhood. Ethel had said that they were not going to give up their friends because they were not good enough for him, and Maud had added significantly that they were quite sure that their friends were quite as good as *the* friend he was going to see in Branbury. The Major turned on his heel and left the house.

As he walked towards Branbury he asked himself if it were possible that they knew anything about Charlotte Street; and as he approached the town he looked round nervously, fearing lest some friend might pop down upon him, and, after some hesitation, decided to take a long *détour* so as to

avoid passing by the house of some people he knew. As he made his way through a bye-street his step quickened, and at the corner of Charlotte Street he looked round to make sure he was not followed. He then drew his keys from his pocket and let himself into a small, mean-looking house.

Major Shepherd might have spared himself the trouble of these precautions; no one was minded to watch him, for everyone knew perfectly well who lived in 27, Charlotte Street. It was common talk that the tall, dark woman who lived in 27 was Mrs. Charles Shepherd, and that the little girl who ran by Mrs. Shepherd's side on the rare occasions when she was seen in the streets—for it was said that the Major did not wish her to walk much about the town, lest she should attract the attention of the curious, who might be tempted to make inquiries — was the Major's little daughter, and it had been noticed that this little girl went forth now and then, basket on her arm, to do the marketing. It was said that Mrs. Shepherd had been a servant in some lodging-house where the Major had been staying; other scandal-mongers declared that they knew for certain that the Major had made his wife's acquaintance in the street. Rumour had never wandered far from the truth. The Major had met his wife one night as he was coming home from his club. They seemed to suit one another; he saw her frequently for several months, and then, fearing to lose her, in a sudden access of jealousy—he had some time before been bitterly jilted—he proposed to marry her. The arrival of his parents, who came up to town beseeching of him to do nothing rash, only served to intensify his determination, and, losing his temper utterly, he told his father and mother that he would never set his foot in Appleton Park in their lifetime if they ever again ventured to pry into his private affairs; and, refusing to give any information regarding his intentions, he asked them to leave his lodgings. What he did after they never knew; years went by, and they sighed and wondered, but the matter was never alluded to in Appleton Park.

But the Major had only £100 a year, and though he lived at Appleton Park, never spending a penny more than was necessary, he could not allow her more than £3 a week. He had so many expenses: his club, his clothes, and all the incidental expenses he was put to in the grand houses where he went to stay. By strict economy, however, Mrs. Shepherd managed to make two ends meet. Except when she was too ill and had to call in a charwoman to help her with the heaviest part of the work, she undertook the entire housework herself; when times were hardest, she had even taken in a lodger, not thinking herself above cooking and taking up his dinner. She had noticed that her economies endeared her to the Major, and it was pleasant to please him. Hers was a kind-hearted, simple nature, that misfortune had brought down in the world; but, as is not uncommon with persons of weak character, she possessed a clear, sensible mind which allowed her to see things in their true lights, and without difficulty she recognised the unalterable nature of her case. It mattered little whether the Major acknowledged her or not, his family would never have anything to do with her; the doors of Society were for ever closed against her. So within a year of her marriage with the Major she was convinced that her marriage had better be kept a secret; for, by helping to keep it a secret, she could make substantial amends to the man who had married her; by proclaiming it to the world, she would only alienate his affection. She understood this very well, and in all docility and obedience lent herself to the deception, accepting without complaint a mean and clandestine existence. But she would not allow her little girl to carry up a jug of hot water, and it was only rarely, when prostrate with pain, that she allowed Nellie to take the basket and run round to the butcher's and buy a bit of steak for their dinner. The heiress of Appleton Park must be brought up free from all degrading memory. But for herself she had no care. Appleton Park could never be anything to her, even if she outlived the old people, which was hardly probable. What would she, a poor invalid, do there? She did not wish to compromise her husband's future, and still less the future of her darling daughter. She could only hope that, when dead, her sins would be forgiven her; and that this release might not be long delayed she often prayed. The house was poor, and she was miserable, but any place was good enough to suffer in. So she said when she rose and dragged herself downstairs to do a little cooking; and the same thought came to her when she lay all alone in the little parlour, furnished with what a few pounds could buy—a paraffin-lamp, a round table, a few chairs, an old and ill-padded mahogany arm-chair, in which it was a torture to lie; not an ornament on the chimney-piece, not a flower, not a book to wile away the interminable hours. From the barren little passage, covered with a bit of oil-cloth, all and everything in 27 was meagre and unimaginative. The Major had impressed his personality upon the house. Everything looked as if it had been scraped. There was a time when Mrs. Shepherd noticed the barrenness of her life; but she had grown accustomed to it, and she waited for the Major in the terrible arm-chair, glad when she heard his step, almost happy when he sat by her and told her what was happening "at home."

He took her hand and asked her how she was. "You are looking very tired, Alice."

"Yes, I'm a little tired. I have been working all the morning. I made up my room, and then I went out to the butcher's and bought a piece of steak. I have made you such a nice pudding for your lunch; I hope you will like it."

"There's not much fear about my liking any beef-steak pudding you make, dear; I never knew anyone who could make one like you. But you should not tire yourself—and just as you are beginning to get better."

Mrs. Shepherd smiled and pressed her husband's hand. The conversation fell. At the end of a long silence Mrs. Shepherd said: "What has happened to trouble you, dear? I know something has, I can see it by your face."

Then the Major told how unpleasantly his sisters had answered him when he had ventured to suggest that they saw far too much of their new neighbours, who were merely common sort of Londoners, and never would be received by the county. "I'm sure that someone must have told them of my visits here; I'm sure they suspect something. . . . . Girls are very sharp nowadays."

"I am sorry, but it is no fault of mine. I rarely leave the house, and I never walk in the principal streets if I can possibly help it."

"I know, dear, I know that no one can be more careful than you; but as people are beginning to smell a rat notwithstanding all our precautions, I suppose there's nothing for it but to go back to London."

"Oh, you don't think it will be necessary to go back to London, do you? The place suits the child so well, and it is so nice to see you almost every day; and it is such a comfort when you are not here to know you are only a few miles away; and from the top of the hill the trees of the park are visible, and whenever I feel well enough I walk there and think of the time our Nellie will be the mistress of all those broad acres."

"It is the fault of the busybodies," he said; "I cannot think what pleasure people find in meddling in other people's affairs. I never care what anyone else does. I have quite enough to do thinking of my own."

Mrs. Shepherd did not answer. "I see," he said, "you don't like moving, but if you remain here all the trouble we have taken not to get found out these last ten years will go for nothing. There will be more worry and vexations, and I really don't think I could bear much more; I believe I should go off my

head." The little man spoke in a calm, even voice, and stroked his silky moustache gravely.

"Very well, then, my dear, I'll return to town as soon as you like—as soon as it is convenient. I daresay you are right."

"I'm sure I am. You have never found me giving you wrong advice yet, have you, dear?"

Then they went down to the kitchen to eat the steak pudding; and when the Major had finished his second helping he lit his pipe, and the conversation turned on how they should get rid of their house, and how much the furniture would fetch. When he had decided to sell the furniture, and had fixed the day of their departure, Mrs. Shepherd said—

"There's one thing I have to ask you, dear, and I hope you won't refuse my request. I should like to see Appleton Park before I leave. I should like to go there with Nellie and see the house and the lands that will one day belong to her."

"I don't know how it is to be managed. If you were to meet my mother and sisters they would be sure to suspect something at once."

"No one will know who I am. I should like to walk about the grounds for half an hour with the child. If I don't see Appleton now I never shall see it."

The Major stroked his long, silky moustache with his short, crabbed little hand. He remembered that he had heard the carriage ordered for two o'clock—they were all going to a tennis-party some miles distant. Under the circumstances she might walk about the grounds without being noticed. He did not think any of the gardeners would question her, and, if they did, he could trust her to give an evasive answer. And then he would like her to see the place—just to know what she thought of it.

"Won't you say yes?" she said at last, her voice breaking the silence sharply.

"I was just thinking, dear: they have all gone to a tennis-party to-day. There'll be no one at home."

"Well! why not to-day?"

"Well; I was thinking I've been lucky enough to get hold of some very interesting information about the Websters—about their ancestor Sir Thomas, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular—and I wanted to get it copied under the proper heading, but I daresay we can do that another day. The only thing is, how are you to get there? You are not equal to walking so far——"

"I was thinking, dear, that I might take a fly. I know there is the expense, but——"

"Yes; five or six shillings, at least. And where will you leave the fly? At the lodge gate? The flyman would be sure to get into conversation with the lodge-keeper or his wife. He'd tell them where he came from, and——"

"Supposing you were to get a two-wheeled trap and drive me yourself; that would be nicer still."

"I'm so unlucky; someone would be sure to see me."

The Major puffed at his pipe in silence. Then he said, "If you were to put on a thick veil, and we were to get out of the town by this end and make our way through the lanes—it would be a long way round; but one hardly meets anyone that way, and the only danger would be going. We should return in the dusk. I don't care how late you make it; my people won't be home till nine or ten o'clock at night, perhaps later still. There will be dancing, and they are sure to stay late."

Finally the matter was decided, and about four o'clock the Major went to the livery stable to order the trap. Mrs. Shepherd and Nellie joined him soon after. Turning from the pony, whose nose he was stroking, he said—

"I hope you have brought a thick shawl; it will be cold coming back in the evening."

"Yes, dear, here it is, and another for Nellie. What do you think of this veil?"

"It will do very well. I do hope these stablemen won't talk; let's get off at once." The Major lifted in the child, tucked the rug about them, and cried to the stableman to let go. He drove very nervously, afraid at every moment lest the pony should bolt; and when the animal's extreme docility assured him there was no such danger, he looked round right and left, expecting at every moment some friend to pounce down upon him. But the ways were empty, the breeze that came across the fields was fresh and sweet, and they were all beginning to enjoy themselves, when he suddenly espied a carriage following in his wake. He whipped up the pony, and contrived to distance his imaginary pursuer; and having succeeded, he praised his own driving, and at the cross-roads he said: "I dare not go any farther, but you can't miss the lodge gate in that clump of trees—the first white gate you come to. Don't ask any questions; it is ten to one you'll find the gate open; walk straight through, and don't forget to go through the beech-wood at the back of the house; the river runs right round the hill. I want to know what you think of the view. But pray don't ask to see the house; there's nothing to see; the housemaids would be sure to talk, and describe you to my sisters. So now good-bye; hope you'll enjoy yourself. I shall have just time to get to Hambrook and back; I want to see my solicitor. You'll have seen everything in a couple of hours, so in a couple of hours I shall be waiting for you here."

(To be concluded.)

GEORGE MOORE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"POPE, FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, AND MASONS."

SIR,—I did not propose to continue this controversy beyond my last letter, but certain unfair assumptions of correspondents in your last issue demand a few final remarks. I do not pretend to have the knowledge of Friendly Society matters possessed by either the right hon. or the reverend gentleman, but I do claim that on the particular points raised they are both decidedly in error; and recognising how futile is mere assertion to establish a matter of fact, I have procured evidence to support this contention. The original question was simply, Are Catholics in Great Britain free or not to join such Friendly Societies as the Foresters, Oddfellows, etc.? Sir Charles Dilke, in his article, asserted that they were not. Let us see what there is to be said on the point by responsible persons.

The secretary of the National Foresters writes from Merchants' Quay, Dublin:—"Our membership in Ireland is about 5,200, in Scotland about 7,300, and in England about 2,400. *Over* 95 *per cent.* of our members are Catholics." The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson ignored this, evidently the strongest of the Friendly Societies in Ireland. Why?

The district secretary of the Ancient Order of Foresters writes from Drumcondra, co. Dublin:—"We have in Dublin about 1,000 members; of these *over* 900 *are, I should say, Roman Catholics.*" How does this bear out the statement that "some Roman Catholics" only join these societies? This district secretary is himself a Catholic, and has been a member of the executive council. He was also a member of a committee at Sheffield which made certain alterations in the Lecture Book, so as to remove Catholic objections.

The Vicar-Capitular of Westminster writes:—"There is no prohibition against Oddfellows and Foresters in this diocese.—DANIEL GILBERT."

I cannot imagine why Sir Charles Dilke should characterise as "monstrous" a decision of the Church as to what is or is not consistent with her membership. Surely every properly constituted society must have the right to make its own rules? No one is kept in the Church by compulsion. Those who voluntarily remain members of a society whose rules are "monstrous" must be fools or worse. This is the logical outcome of Sir Charles Dilke's dictum in regard to Catholics, and I contend that it is a misuse of words, and shows not a little arrogance to speak so very strongly on a simple matter, and to judge so arbitrarily the conduct of millions of people. In a necessarily brief reference to the Catholic Benefit Society, I inquired what Sir Charles Dilke meant by an "affiliated *order*"? Although I distinctly indicated the legal position of the society under the Acts and towards the Registrar of Friendly Societies, I am accused of showing "some want of knowledge of the question." Surely an unwarrantable assumption? Sir Charles does not say how this society—which is not, and has never been called, an "order"—can be one of the "affiliated orders." No doubt it is all in the Blue Book; but even this authority does not justify the use of

inaccurate terms by your correspondent, still less does it warrant him charging me with "want of knowledge" for asking the meaning of a very loose description.

Having often dealt with the reports of the Catholic Benefit Society in my capacity as a Catholic journalist, I may be presumed to know as much about it as the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, who, by the way, attempts in his letter to prove the very points surrendered by Sir Charles Dilke.

The fact of the Catholic Benefit Society having received the Pope's "blessing," or being sanctioned in a diocese by a bishop, does not make "the Church responsible for it"; it merely shows that it is such a society as Catholics can safely join. The Pope might, if asked, give his blessing to the Foresters, and has, I believe, given it to the Chicago Exhibition, which has also, no doubt, the full "consent" of the local Catholic bishop to its establishment; but need I tell your reverend correspondent that this does not make the Church "responsible" for it? It is so easy to misunderstand and misrepresent what a "blessing" or a "sanction" really implies—just as some people misinterpret the meaning of an "indulgence."

I shall not follow Sir Charles Dilke into the side issues raised in his letter. Whether Catholics "bless" themselves as frequently as High Church folk, and whether Masons and Templars would object to their doing so, have little to do with the question. I mentioned the former merely as an illustration of how each creed has certain distinctive characteristics that come out in various ways. I also spoke of an "unwritten code," which is to be found in all organised bodies, whether religious or social. When the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson tells us that "no such thing" exists in the Friendly Societies of Australia, I can only wonder what these societies are like.—Yours faithfully,

C. DIAMOND.

276, Strand, W.C.

SIR,—Sir Charles Dilke says that "to deny an English Catholic—because he is an English Freemason—the sacraments of the Church must be monstrous to all who know what English Freemasonry is." It is quite outside the ken of the Catholic Church whether a secret society be for her or against her, for things "spiritual" or for things "temporal." The end the secret society has in view may be both spiritually and temporally good, still the Catholic Church objects. Why? Because a secret society bound together by secret laws—outside the ken both of Church and State—is a danger both to the spiritual and temporal executive. It is the "Imperium in Imperio," and no Government—spiritual or temporal—can allow this. If the members of a secret society have anything to say against the spiritual or temporal power, let them state it openly—this is quite allowable; but to permit a lot of men in secret conclave to override both "Church" and "State" would be eventually the destruction of all Government, both spiritual and temporal. No body of men have a *right* to meet in *secret*, either against Church or State.

SACERDOS HIBERNICUS.

April 11th, 1892.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A FAIRY PRINCE, supremely brave and good,
When searching for knight-errantly adventures,
Chanced on a Sleeping Beauty in a wood,
Condemned by ancient usage's indentures
To close to polities each pretty eye-lid,
Lest her sweet soul should thereby be defiled.

The Prince at first was greatly shocked and pained
At the existence of so sore a scandal.
"Woman," he cried, "in all men's hearts has reigned,
And trampled them to dust beneath her sandal:
Yet where's the champion that the Fates have sent us
To give to her the Vote?—*Non est inventus.*"

But then he mused, "To win the world's applause
Men soon become hard, bellicose, and spiteful;
They scratch each other with their Conscience-claws,
And disagreement loud they find delightful.
Then would the preaching of this harsh evangel
Be suited to the 'ministering angel'?

"When Eve employed her influence in the State
We did not thank her for her interference.
Helen of Troy had not a happy fate
In spite of all the charms of her appearance;
While Clytæmnestra, with some other ladies,
Works out her sentence (I have read) in Hades.

"Jezebel, when her temper was aflame,
Was more destructive than a host of fighters;
Queen Mary—though a most religious dame—
Was apt to use her foes as Fire-lighters;
Lady Macbeth (when Duncan wasn't present)
Was quite the opposite of kind and pleasant.

"Elizabeth sat well upon her throne;
But when she found opinions didn't vary
That Scotland's royal charms eclipsed her own,
She soon decapitated Cousin Mary;
Give Woman legal might?—I dare not risk it
(Though in domestic gifts she 'takes the biscuit').

"For, lovely Woman, though perchance you wield
Your power capriciously in times of leisure—
And are distinguished on the battle-field
By neither giving nor receiving pleasure—
'When pain and anguish wring' the aching forehead,
Why then, you know, you're anything but horrid!

"Woman, when sheltered from life's storm and strife,
Gains more considerably than she misses
(So does the State, I think). Upon my life,
I'd rather not awake her with my kisses."
The Prince departed with this sentence racy,
"Dear lady, *requiescat* still *in pace!*"

The Sleeping Beauty murmured in her dreams,
"A nice young man, and one that I could care for:
As for his arguments on social themes,
I fail to understand their why and wherefore:
His brain seems active and his arm strong-sinewed—
I wonder who he is?"

(*To be continued.*)

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Thursday, April 14th, 1892.

THE *Daily Chronicle* recently published a most optimistic interview with Mr. Shaylor, of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., on the subject of "How poets sell?" One feels idealistically inclined to ask, "Ought poets to sell?" What can poets want with money?—dear children of the rainbow, who from time immemorial

> . . . on honeydew have fed
> And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Have you never felt a sort of absurdity in paying for a rose—especially if you paid in copper? To pay for a thing of beauty in a coin of extreme ugliness! There is obviously no equality of exchange in the transaction. In fact, it is little short of an insult to the flower-girl to pretend that you thus satisfy the obligation. Far better let her give it you—for the love of beauty—as very likely if you explained the incongruity she would be glad to do, for flower-girls, of course, like everyone else, can only have chosen their particular profession because of its being a joy for ever. There might be fitness in offering a kiss on account, though that, of course, would depend on the flower-girl. To buy other things with flowers were not so incongruous. I have often thought of trying my tobacconist with a tulip; and, certainly, an orchid—no very rare one either—should cover one's household expenses for a week, if not a fortnight.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, at the Booksellers' Dinner, recently made a neat application of Omar's famous line about the purchases of vintners. He often wondered, he said, what the booksellers buy "one half so precious as the stuff they sell." It is surely natural to wonder in like manner of the poet. What have we to offer in exchange for their priceless manna? One feels that they should be paid on the mercantile principles of "Goblin Market." Said Laura:—

> "Good folk, I have no coin
> To take were to purloin,
> I have no copper in my purse,
> I have no silver either. . . ."

Copper! silver even! The goblin-men were more artistic than that; they realised the absurdity of paying for immortal things in coin of mere mortality. So:—

> "'You have much gold upon your head,'
> They answered all together:
> 'Buy from us with a golden curl.'"

Yes, those are the ideal rates at which poetry should be paid. We should, of course, pay for fairy things in fairy-gold.

One of the few such appropriate transactions I remember was Queen Elizabeth's buying a poem from Sir Philip Sidney, literally, with a lock of her "gowden hair." Poem and lock now lie together at Wilton, both untouched of time. Or was it that Sir Philip Sidney paid for the lock by his poem? However it was, the exchange was appropriate. The ratio between the thing sold and the price given was fairly equal. And, at all times, it is, of course, far less absurd for a poet to pay for the earthly thing with his poem (thus leaving us to keep the change) than that we should think to pay him for his incorruptible with our corruptible. There would, of course, be a subtle element of absurdity in a poet consenting to pay his tailor for a suit with a sonnet, but it would obviously be beyond all proportion monstrous for a tailor to think to buy a sonnet with a suit. A poet might, perhaps, be brought to consider it, if he chanced to be of a gentle disposition. But, of course, poets always are.

Yes, the true, the tasteful, way to pay a poet is by the exchange of some other beautiful thing, by beautiful praise, a beautiful smile, a well-shaped tear, by a rose. It is thus a poet—frequently, I am bound to confess—finds his highest reward.

At the same time, there is a subtle ironic pleasure in taking the world's money for poetry—even though one pays it into a charity immediately—for one feels that the world, for some reason or another, has been persuaded to buy something it didn't really want, and which it will throw away so soon as we are round the corner. If the reader has ever published a volume of verse, he must have often chuckled with a ghoulish glee over the number of absolutely unpoetic good souls who, from various motives—the unhappy accident of relationship, perhaps—have "subscribed." Most of us have sound unpoetic uncles. Of course, you make them buy you—in large-paper too. Have you never gloatingly pictured their absolute bewilderment as, with a stern sense of family pride, they sit down to cut your pages? Think of the poor souls thus "moving about in worlds not realised."

A perfect instance of this cruelty to the Philistine occurs to me by a man whose *forte* is children's poetry. Very tender some of his poems are. You will find them now and again in *St. Nicholas*, and he is not unknown in this country. With a heart like a lamb for children, he is like a hawk upon the Philistine. I remember once, before he published a volume, we were together in a tavern, in a county-town—a tavern thronged with farmers on certain days. The poet had some prospectuses in his pocket. Suddenly a great John Bull would come jumping in, like a cockchafer, and call for his pint. "Just you watch," the poet would say, and away he crossed over to his victim. "Good morning, Mr. Oats!" "Why, good morning, sir, Howdy'e-do; I hardly know'd thee." Then presently the voice of the charmer unto the farmer—"Mr. Oats, you care for children, don't you?" "Ay, ay," would answer the farmer, a little doubtfully, "when they're little'uns." "Well, you know I'm what they call a poet." To this Mr. Oats would respond with a good round laugh, as of a man enjoying a good thing. This was very subtle of the poet, for it put the farmer on good terms with himself. He wondered, as he had his laugh over again, how a man could choose to be a poet, when he might have been a farmer. "Well, I'm bringing out a book of poems all about children—here is one of them!" and the poet would read some humorous thing, such as "Breeching Tommy." Then another—such simple pictures of humanity at the age of two, that the farmer could not but be moved to the primary artistic delight—that of the recognition of the familiar. Then the farmer would grow grave, as he always did at any approach to a purchase, however small, while the poet would rapidly speak of the suitability of the volume as a present to the old woman: "Women cared for such things," he would add, pityingly. Then the farmer would cautiously ask the price, and blow his cheeks out in surprise on hearing that it was five shillings. He had never given so much for a book in his life. The poet would then insidiously suggest that by subscribing before publication he would save a discount. This would arouse the farmer's instinct for getting things cheap; and so, finally, with a little more "playing," Mr. Timothy Oats, of Clod Hall, Salop, was landed high and dry on the subscription list—a list, by the way, which already included all the poet's tradesmen! This is one example of "how poets sell."

Yet over and above what we may term these forced sales, the demand for verse, Mr. Shaylor assures us, is growing. The impression to the contrary on the part of the Philistine is a delusion—a false security. And the demand is an intelligent one, for poetry of the markedly idealistic, or markedly realistic, kind; but to writers of merely sentimental Mr. Shaylor can offer no hope. Their golden age—a pretty long one while it lasted—has probably gone for ever.

This is good news for those engaged in growing dreams for the London market.

R. LE G.

REVIEWS.

FREEMAN'S LAST VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF SICILY, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel College. Vol. III. The Athenian and Carthaginian Invasions. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

UNLESS Mr. Freeman has left in MS. some later portions of this great History of Sicily on which he was engaged at the time of his death, the present volume is the last the world will see from his fertile pen. For more than forty years he has been an assiduous worker and writer, and perhaps, among English historians of real eminence, the most copious. Thinking of all the splendid work he has done, and of the gap in the ranks which his departure makes, one cannot sit down to review like any other book such a last gift to history from the first of English historians. To express admiration and gratitude for a long life spent with such unswerving devotion to historic truth and such conscientious efforts to reach it at whatever cost of toil and time, seems all that the feeling of the moment permits. Nevertheless, it may be worth while, without attempting to criticise in detail this present volume, to set forth a short outline of its contents, and comment on the way in which its theme has been handled.

This theme is the most striking part of the long tale of the vicissitudes of the great Mediterranean island, for it includes that famous Athenian expedition which proved to be the turning point of the

Peloponnesian war and of the fortunes of Athens herself, in a sense, we may say, of the Hellenic race. By a special piece of good luck, the expedition has been described to us with unusual fulness by the greatest narrative historian of antiquity in chapters which, for weight, force, and dignity, have never been surpassed and scarcely ever equalled. The account of the expedition occupies 360 pages of this third volume, and is an admirable specimen of Mr. Freeman's powers. He has not only ransacked every original authority bearing in any way upon the subject, and studied all or nearly all of the moderns who have dealt with it—even those countless German treatises which have woven cobwebs round the book of Thucydides—but seems to have spent many months in examining with his own eyes every yard of the ground. No German could have applied to the task more careful and patient toil. Yet Mr. Freeman's work shines by other qualities which are seldom found in the toil-enduring German. He has a strong practical common sense, which brushes aside fanciful conjectures and far-fetched explanations. And he displays an extraordinary power of feeling the full reality of the transactions he describes. To him the actors are just as much living and moving beings as are the leaders in home or foreign politics of to-day; and this sense of reality, this fresh personal interest in their fortunes, enables him to judge of them better than the most laborious student could do who wanted what may be called the political sense, and had no experience of affairs. We in England are not unaccustomed to this combination of gifts. It was noticeable both in Gibbon and in Milman. It was conspicuous in Grote, and is perhaps the quality by which he will be most remembered. Mr. Freeman has it in no less a full measure, and if he is sometimes less telling than Grote because so much less compressed, he has a fuller knowledge of all the data, and also a more complete mastery of historical analogies drawn from other times and countries.

With the destruction of the great Athenian armament, the historian of Sicily loses the invaluable guidance of Thucydides. The rest of the volume includes the terrible Carthaginian invasion under Hannibal, son of Gisko, and Himilco (the invasion in which Himera was destroyed and Selinus, Acragas, and Gela conquered) and the rise of Dionysius the Elder to the chief power in Syracuse. Here Mr. Freeman has to rely on later and far less satisfactory authorities, the chief of whom is Diodorus Siculus, for Plutarch, who, however inferior to Thucydides, has been frequently useful during the lifetime of Nikias, now disappears. But the gift for discerning the true character of the events and piecing together a clear and consistent narrative out of unsatisfactory materials becomes all the more conspicuous the less adequate those materials are. Mr. Freeman has never produced anything more vigorous or effective than this account of the wave of Punic conquest engulfing one Greek city after another; and his contrasts between the character of Carthaginian and that of Greek warfare make us regret all the more that he leaves untold the story of the later parts of the tremendous struggle for Sicily which Carthage maintained first against Syracuse and then against Rome, as well as of that other struggle between Semites and the European races which began with the Saracen invasions and ended with the triumph of the irresistible children of Norway.

One cannot but speculate on the length to which this history would have run had the author lived to complete it. Judging by the scale of the present (third) volume, three more at least would have been needed. One might possibly have covered the ground down to the end of the first Punic war. Another could probably have carried the story into the Saracenic conquest, for the period of Roman rule might have been despatched in comparatively few chapters, since the history of Sicily is only at a few points separated from that of the other provinces, and the data are often scanty. A sixth would have been needed for the rest of the Saracenic period, for the days of the Norman kings, and for the reign of the Emperor Frederick the Second. Beyond this point Mr. Freeman does not seem to have made up his mind to go. As it is, less than half the story has been told. The work remains a fragment. But it is a magnificent fragment, alone sufficient to bear witness to the admirable gifts and not less admirable conscientiousness of the great writer whose loss we are mourning.

As we write these lines the name of his successor in the Chair of Modern History at Oxford is announced. The temptation is strong to comment on the insolent cynicism of that appointment, and on the amount of respect which a Prime Minister who is also Chancellor of the University of Oxford seems to feel for his University as a "place of religion, learning, and education." From such comments, however, we will refrain. Let us rather recall some of the signal merits of the late professor—his unwearied industry, his scrupulous accuracy, his ardent love of truth, his not less ardent hatred of cruelty and oppression; and remember with pleasure that his name will remain associated with such illustrious predecessors as Thomas Arnold and Goldwin Smith and Bishop Stubbs.

LORD CANNING.

EARL CANNING. By Sir H. S. Cunningham. Rulers of India Series. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. London: Henry Frowde.

AMONG the English rulers of India no Governor-General of the 19th century deserves a higher place than Lord Canning, who proved his courage and capacity in the fiery trial of the great sepoy mutiny, maintaining unshaken his calmness and intrepid firmness of purpose while the British dominion in Upper India seemed dissolving into ruin. With this famous epoch of Anglo-Indian history his name will be always connected, for the whole interest of Lord Canning's life centres round the five years of his Governor-Generalship. Up to the date of his leaving England he had attained no prominent place in home politics; and his death followed almost immediately upon his return. Sir Henry Cunningham's volume, therefore, is necessarily occupied almost entirely with his Indian administration; nor has it been possible to describe the chief incidents or to discuss the politics of that exciting time without ranging again over much well-beaten ground. So much has already been written about the Indian mutiny, and there are such good reasons why we shall rather seek to close than to keep open the resentments and painful recollections of a civil war, that one does not willingly go back again over its disasters or the final triumphs of English patience and power. Nevertheless, those who are still unfamiliar with the story of the outbreak of 1857, or for whom its horrors and heroisms have an unending fascination, will find in this book an excellent account of its origin, with a clear narrative of the chief events and transactions that fill the brief period between the sudden outburst of bloody revolt at Meerut and Delhi and its final suppression after some desperate conflicts and a great deal of desultory fighting. In the foreground of these tumultuous scenes stands the figure of Lord Canning, cool, reserved, and self-reliant; his attitude during the first months of extreme peril; his carelessness of danger and moral fortitude; his judgment in deciding questions of the first importance and urgency; his steady disregard of the clamours of the Calcutta Englishry; his endurance of attacks in the British Parliament, and even of censure by his own official chief—all these characteristics combine to present the portrait of a man endowed with the governing qualities that Englishmen most readily admire. Few rulers over a distant province have been placed in such imminent peril, and none have met it with more strenuous energy, or have kept a straighter course amid the gusts of popular fury roused by a bloody struggle.

Sir Henry Cunningham sketches rapidly the condition of India when Lord Canning took over office from Lord Dalhousie. The general aspect was calm enough, but the horizon was by no means clear; for Lord Dalhousie had been upsetting kingdoms and laying out new provinces in his masterful fashion, and had bequeathed to his successor the task of allaying the discontents which he had roused, and of building on his somewhat insecure foundations. It is true that, as our author observes, the annexation of the Punjab in 1849 strengthened our resources for meeting the revolt of 1857, because, instead of having a powerful enemy on our flank, we used the Sikh soldiery to put down our own Sepoys. But we have to remember that, by the very fact of our having conquered all India and broken down every power except our own, the Sepoy army was tempted to mutiny; for they imagined that in themselves, rather than in a few scattered foreign officials, lay the force which had won so many victories; and they believed that they could dispose of India's sovereignty. In this book, indeed, it is mentioned that the jealousy of the Sepoys had been roused by a rumour that we were enlisting Sikh troops; nor can it be doubted that they fancied themselves irresistible because all rivals had been subdued. We may agree, however, with Sir H. Cunningham, that our salvation, at the moment when our tenure of all Northern India depended on the taking of Delhi, came from the Punjab; nor is it possible to over-rate the magnificent service rendered to his country by Sir John Lawrence, who "stood in the gap in the great day of wrath," boldly summoned to his standard the fighting tribes of the Punjab, the Sikhs and Pathans, and sent down every available soldier to reinforce our troops for the decisive assault upon Delhi. Lawrence was Lord Canning's best and strongest lieutenant. The recapture of Delhi broke the neck of the rebellion in North India, and when Lucknow was relieved the pacification of other provinces was merely a matter of time and much labour. The real interest of Sir Henry Cunningham's work lies in his description of Lord Canning's temper, judgment, and patriotic devotion in confronting the difficulties which surrounded his exertions to restore order out of wild confusion, to repress the fierce animosities and race hatreds, to deal out pardon as well as punishment, to recover the confidence of the native chiefs and landholders, and to reconstruct not only the army but also the civil administration, that had been everywhere shaken and in some parts destroyed. He had to meet and put down three successive uprisings against his supreme authority—the mutiny of the Sepoys, the very dangerous disaffection of the European infantry and artillery in the service of the East India Company, and Sir Charles Trevelyan's public denunciation, as Governor of Madras, of the new income tax. He had to resist Lord Ellenborough's foolish and ill-timed attack upon his Oudh policy; he had to withstand slander in India and rash censure in England; he had to superintend the transfer of the direct government of India from the Company to the Crown; and to pass some very important constitutional enactments in a troublesome Legislative Council. His wife's death, in the midst of this turmoil of affairs, was a bitter blow to him, and his health was ruined because it was the only thing that he neglected. We may congratulate Sir Henry Cunningham on his effective delineation of such a career and such a character, for they deserve to be worthily recorded as conveying lessons which no Englishman should forget.

The book contains much useful information upon the legislative and administrative changes introduced by Lord Canning, and some judicious remarks upon the general current of Indian politics. We are inclined to think that in his first chapter Sir H. Cunningham, like most writers upon the growth of British rule, leans unnecessarily towards the ordinary view that the rise of our Indian dominion was marvellous, inexplicable, and totally unforeseen at the beginning. "The progress of the English empire was," he says, "the result of great causes which transcended alike human insight and human will"; whereas it is, in fact, not hard to explain what has been often clearly foretold. And if we desired the historic details, it is puzzling to read that Lord Hastings "proclaimed England as an Eastern Power by sending an Indian army to co-operate in Egypt against a European foe," for Baird's expedition was certainly sent by Lord Wellesley; while in another passage Lord Wellesley is credited with having rescued the Moghul emperor from "the control of the French," who were certainly nowhere near Delhi in 1802. The operations of Lord Clyde and Sir Hugh Rose against the rebels are well and vividly described, though the note of panegyric in recording their military exploits is pitched too high. The siege of Jhansi was not quite equal to the assault upon Badajoz or San Sebastian, yet incautious readers might suppose it to have been no less glorious a feat of arms; we hear of Lord Clyde's "great victory" over Tantia Topi—an easy scattering of the rebels—as if it had been won against French or Russians; and the genius of the leaders to whom "these splendid successes are partly due" is very liberally extolled. Clyde and Rose did their business most creditably; but just as the rapid occupation of all the best sites in London by the statues of second-class heroes and statesmen threatens to leave no room for future saviours of the empire or of society, so the immoderate glorification of our Indian generals exhausts and expends phrases that may be wanted hereafter for some far greater triumphs against really formidable foes.

The final chapter of this book touches upon Lord Canning's personal troubles upon his return to England, and his lamentable death so soon after his arrival. He received with characteristic stoicism, as Sir H. Cunningham says, the warning that his end was near; his constitution had given way, and it is certain that his life was sacrificed entirely by his devotion to his duty. Sir Henry Cunningham strikes the right chord of generous appreciation, and in no way departs from accurate fact, when, in the remarkable passage which closes the volume, he writes that while the Indian mutiny brought out much heroism, "not the least heroic were the serene and resolute mood, the unshaken nerve, the loftiness of soul, with which Canning piloted his country's fortunes in that dark hour over that tempest-driven sea."

A FRENCHMAN ON THE BALKAN RACES.

Souvenirs des Balkans. Par René Millet. Paris: Hachette.

M. Millet's book is, in our opinion, a work of distinct merit. Not only has it merit from its observations on the past history of the peninsula, but it has wit and humour; yet we doubt whether M. Millet will find many readers among the English public. He is too little of a partisan—a rare virtue in the authors of any nation, and almost non-existent among Frenchmen. Although writing about the Tom Tiddler's ground of Europe, he writes in the happy and idyllic strain that an ancient Arcadia might have inspired. He is prodigal of reflections, but parsimonious in facts. He casually refers to Tricoupis much as he might have referred to a statesman of ancient Greece. The names of Stambouloff, Garaschanine, or Queen Nathalie never occur in his pages. He is as innocent of dates as of proper names. He never states the year of his visit to the peninsula, but from a sympathetic allusion to Theodosius, the deposed Archbishop of Belgrade, "un évêque selon le cœur de Béranger," we infer that he visited Belgrade early in 1889.

M. Millet's route lay from Salonica to Belgrade, and from Belgrade to the Adriatic. Bulgaria and the eastern division of the peninsula were unvisited by him, as well as Greece, Albania, and Montenegro. In other words, M. Millet has only visited those parts of the peninsula inhabited by Slavs who are Serbs.

This may account for his falling into the common blunder of confusing the Bulgarians with the Serbs. They are very different, as everyone who has lived among them knows, but this knowledge is not bought by one visit. The following extract from M. Millet's book will give a fair notion of his style and manner:

"N'est-ce pas à notre zèle intempestif et à nos leçons prématurées qu'ils (les Slaves) doivent de croire à la puissance des mots, de se diviser en partis, de faire tant de discours et tant de dettes? Voilà pour les droits de l'homme. Quant à la solidarité chrétienne, elle unit les peuples d'Orient à peu près comme la parenté du sang unissait Étéocle et Polynice. Il entre autant de haine dans leurs rivalités qu'ils en ont jamais manifesté contre le croissant."

M. Millet reveals here his mental confusion about the Slavs. The Bulgarian and the Serb speak different dialects of the same language, and can understand each other, just as a Yorkshireman would understand a Devonshireman; but the good understanding of a Serb and a Bulgarian begins and ends with their tongue. No two races could resemble each other less. Had M. Millet, instead of speaking of "Slavs," limited his first sentence to Serbs, no exception could have been taken to his statement. That Servia is torn by faction and overwhelmed with debt is an unhappy fact, but this is not the case with Bulgaria. Stambouloff and his fellow-countrymen have a rational and (if M. Millet permits us to say so) an English rendering of the rights of man. The second sentence in our quotation is characteristic of the author. He is never happier than when drawing a metaphor from mythology. In reading these "Souvenirs" we are reminded that reverence for poets, provided they wrote in Latin, lies deep down in the hearts of all French men of letters. The conquest of Gaul by the Roman legions has had far-reaching results.

The well-known line of Lucretius is nowhere more true than on the Balkan Peninsula. The rise of the Ottoman Empire was due as much to the cruelties of the Greek Church as to the prowess of the Turkish arms. The Mahommedan Slavs of Bosnia are themselves an undying record of the persecutions of a bygone day. If religious intolerance be dead, the last Serbo-Bulgarian war is a proof of the survival of commercial and racial rivalry. It is no longer hatred of the Crescent, but of each other, that is the common attribute of Bulgarian, Serb, and Greek. South of the Danube there is no Jew-baiting, no land question, no republican enthusiasm, no social discontent worth taking account of; the question of the hour is the question of Macedonia. However much we may regret it, we cannot deny but that the politicians of Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece (and notably the last two States) are more intent on setting their boundaries than their house in order. They are all in search, if not of a scientific, at least of an ethnographic frontier. Stambouloff is the only statesman of the peninsula who cannot fairly be described as an Irredentist. M. Millet's own view is conservative and sensible. He expresses a hope that the Christian States of the Balkans will remain free, and that they will not devour each other. He points out that a small race may render services so great as to become indispensable. He instances Belgium and Switzerland; but no State can attain the dignified position of neutrality until after severe and protracted trials.

It is hardly necessary to add that M. Millet's pages are not disfigured by that cynical indifference to Bulgarian independence which is so marked a feature in the French Press. If we remember rightly, the name of Russia occurs but once in the book, and her claims, even to Bulgaria's gratitude, are nowhere referred to. This attitude of M. Millet to the Balkan States is due to his love of justice and fair-play, for he cannot be charged with being an enthusiast for the Slavs or any other race, unless, indeed, it be the Turks. "C'est que, pour tout bon Français, nos véritables amis en Orient, ce sont les Osmanlis. Nos liens avec eux ne datent pas d'hier: ils remontent à François Ier. On ne rompt point en un jour une si vieille amitié." He endorses the advice of the diplomatist—"Soyez vous-même, restez Turc." As to the residuary legatees of "the Sick Man" M. Millet expresses no opinion, but he ridicules very effectually *morbus ethnographicus*. "Le géographe, excellent patriote, laisse tomber sur son ouvrage un gros pâté de couleur nationale. Ce pâté fait la tache d'huile, gagne de proche, devient énorme, et finit par envahir toute la péninsule." No one who has contrasted the maps used in the public schools of Athens and Belgrade will find much exaggeration in this description. And yet this race theory, with all its exaggerations, is the source of all life and light in the Peninsula. We may laugh at Don Quixote, yet we know that in the wildest moments of his knight-errantry he was a far nobler man than in the so-called sanity of his death-bed repentance.

For many centuries the claims of race had been entirely ignored not only on the Balkan Peninsula, but throughout Europe. If a State were strong enough to retain its conquests, the results of victory or marriage, no one questioned its rights. It was from an obscure nation whose leaders were pig-dealers that Europe was reminded of the right which every nation, no less than every man, has to live. It was the heroic struggle of the Serbs single-handed against the Turks that first brought the race question into prominence. The Serbs are the only Balkan race that without foreign aid have worked out their own salvation. There is no Navarino and no Plevna in Serb history. For this, Europe owes them a debt of gratitude. Had the Greeks, the Roumanians, and the Bulgarians acted with equal spirit and success there would never have been an Eastern Question. The Ottoman yoke would have been broken by the Rayah and not by the foreigner. But M. Millet never refers to this redeeming feature in Serb character. Forgetful of the exploits of a Karageorge and a Milosch, "the Achilles and the Ulysses of Serb story," he describes the Balkan Peninsula as a Spain "qui n'a pas pu rejeter l'Islam." The best friend of the Serbs can, however, scarcely claim humility as a national characteristic. Their vanity is amusingly touched on by our author.

"Suivant eux il n'est rien de bon, de doux, de familier, de fraternel, et en même temps de fort, d'élevé, de puissant que le Slave. Aucune race n'est plus pure, ni plus étendue en hauteur, largeur et profondeur."

It is true that the ardent philo-Slav, whether he live in Belgrade, Moscow, or Prague, sees Slavs everywhere. In his eyes the Roumanians and Greeks are merely Slavs. But this aggressiveness is natural in a race that has long been downtrodden, and certainly in the Serbs is accompanied with extraordinary amiability.

"On leur souhaiterait plus d'énergie pour améliorer leur sort," writes M. Millet, "mais ils ne sont ni âpres ni avides. En un mot, s'ils sont hommes, c'est-à-dire guidés, comme les autres, par l'intérêt, ils n'apportent point, dans la lutte pour l'existence, ce culte prodigieux, absorbant, exclusif, de *moi*, qui est le trait saillant de la civilisation moderne."

M. Millet contrasts the slow development of Germany and Italy with the rapid growth of Servia and Greece. The German and Italian finishes his education before entering on a political career; it is quite otherwise with the Serb.

"Il en est tout autrement de ces peuples, esclaves la veille, auxquels on remet sans transition la charge de leur destinée. Et quelle destinée! Réparer les fautes séculaires de l'Europe, et combler le trou béant qu'elle a creusé à l'Est. Comment parler de constitution, de progrès, de service militaire à des gens qui comprennent à peine l'obligation du travail et la légitimité de l'impôt? De tous les mobiles qui dirigent les actions humaines, ils n'ont conservé que la passion de l'indépendance. Le travail, pour eux c'est la servitude; et le premier usage qu'ils font de la liberté reconquise, c'est d'échapper, s'ils le peuvent, à cette loi tyrannique."

Here, again, M. Millet confounds Bulgarian with Serb. The Bulgarian is the ant of the peninsula, while it is the Montenegrin, the aristocrat of the Serb race, that plays the part of La Fontaine's grasshopper. When the greatest of modern sultans, Sultan Mahmoud, the Joseph II. of Turkey, visited

Bulgaria, he was greeted by his Christian subjects with shouts of "Long live the Basileus!" This significant incident is mentioned by M. Millet with disapproval; but surely it only illustrates the practical nature of the Bulgarians, who have ever preferred reform to revolution. They greeted the Sultan as their king because he came to them in the guise of a reformer. The Bulgarian atrocities were needed to convince this conservative people once and for all that no good thing could come from Stamboul. M. Millet contrasts them with the Greeks as possessing a body before they possess a soul, while the Greeks possessed a soul before they possessed a body. But here, again, M. Millet is hardly just to the Bulgarians. Because they do not pose and do not boast of a name—like Greece—by which to conjure, he imagines that they are destitute of ideas. If "faith and matchless fortitude" are proofs of a soul, few nations are better entitled to a soul than the Bulgarians.

Our space forbids us giving any extracts from a conversation between M. Millet and a Serb statesman, "un homme unique." The name is not given us, but we have little difficulty in identifying "le plus chrétien des philosophes et le plus tolérant des chrétiens." The thirty pages that describe this interview form the most valuable portion of these "Souvenirs," for they record the views on the Orthodox Church of the wisest and wittiest of modern Serbs—Novakovitch.

PIECEWORK AND PROFIT-SHARING.

Methods of Industrial Remuneration. By David F. Schloss. London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.

Not more than seven years ago an experienced London publisher declared that only fifty people in the United Kingdom bought books on Political Economy, and that even these did not read them. So great has been the change since that date that scarcely a week now passes without the publication of an economic work of some kind, and the young men at the London Library declare that it is impossible to keep any volume of the dismal science on the shelves. This increased attention to economic studies is already bearing excellent fruit. The second edition of Professor Marshall's elaborate treatise is going off well, and of popular handbooks there is no end.

The volume upon which Mr. D. F. Schloss has bestowed so much painstaking work is of a different order. Ever since Mill's famous glorification of the Maison Leclaire, profit-sharing has formed the theme of somewhat vague panegyrics by all and sundry who have dealt with the problems of the industrial conflict. Mr. Sedley Taylor and Mr. Gilman have recommended its adoption as the panacea of all our ills. The Board of Trade has gone so far as to publish a Parliamentary paper upon it. But in Mr. Schloss's volume we have for the first time a detailed and exact description of the various methods of remuneration actually in existence in modern industry, with a careful analysis of their results.

The wages problem of to-day has two main branches: the amount of the remuneration for the worker's toil, and the method by which that amount shall be arrived at. To the ignorant outsider the amount may seem all-important, the method of its calculation of little consequence. No one, however, who is conversant with the history of Trades Unions or with trade disputes will need to be reminded that as many difficulties arise in connection with the method of calculating wages as about the mere rise or fall of the wages themselves. A large part of the time of the highly skilled officials of the textile unions is, for instance, occupied merely in working out the wages of particular operatives from the standard lists. And if the methods of remuneration are of vital importance to the worker, still more is a knowledge of these methods of importance to the practical or theoretical student of the wages question. Formerly, economists were content to reason upon a few accidentally chosen instances, and to assume that differences between trade and trade, or between locality and locality, could with impunity be ignored in their generalisations. They, like the rest of the world, often imagined that the same name, wherever it occurred, denoted the same thing, and that piecework or profit-sharing was piecework or profit-sharing all the world over. Mr. Schloss's careful analysis of the actual systems of remuneration in the United Kingdom, France, and America ought to prevent any such error for the future. His precise discriminations between piece-wage and task-wage, co-operative contract and piece-wage foremanship, profit-sharing and gain-sharing, with so many more varieties, will enrich economics with useful additions to its scientific terminology. Every Royal Commissioner, and everyone who has any fond dreams of one day becoming a Royal Commissioner, must carefully study this book. No economist will henceforth deal with questions of wages or profit-sharing without making use of Mr. Schloss's labours.

It is the author's misfortune rather than his fault that his treatise cannot honestly be recommended as light reading. Mr. Schloss's descriptions of industry are vividly picturesque, and his definitions often happily epigrammatic. But the varieties of wages, bonus, and profit are more complicated and intricate than anyone new to the subject would believe, and Mr. Schloss's readers must, perforce, prepare for a somewhat stiff bit of applied economics.

The real value of the volume lies in the scientific differentiation between methods of remuneration which are apparently alike but which lead to absolutely different results. There are systems of piecework or profit-sharing bearing a close superficial resemblance to each other which work out in practice into exactly opposite difficulties. Previous writers on profit-sharing have, as Mr. Schloss shows, hitherto usually failed to distinguish between these several varieties, and many of the unexplained "failures" of profit-sharing schemes have probably arisen from this lack of scientific discrimination.

Apart from the main topic of profit-sharing, perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Schloss's work is his acute examination of the vexed question of the economic results of piecework. Analysis proves, we are told, that, generally speaking, "there exists underlying the method of time-wage, no less than that of piece-wage, a more or less quantitative basis. . . . In industrial parlance, 'sixpennyworth of work' is the same thing whether the worker be on time-wage or on piece-wage." And it is, therefore, not surprising to find simple piecework passing insensibly into task-work—to the operative the most objectionable of all methods of remuneration, since he earns no more by any excess above the normal production, whilst he loses by any deficiency. The main objection to piecework appears to be its encouragement of pernicious habits among the workers, of which irregularity and "scamping" are but two. It appears to increase considerably the chances of friction between master and man, as every change in the variety or the regularity of work affords scope for endless differences of opinion. And although Mr. Schloss makes light of what he happily calls the "Lump of Labour Theory," it does not seem by any means certain that the ordinary Trades Unionist's preference for an equal sharing of employment is altogether unreasonable. However, Mr. Schloss sums up by expressing his opinion that piecework is destined increasingly to prevail in modern industry.

It would be impossible to do justice in a review to the interesting chapters dealing with other forms of remuneration. Mr. Schloss has done his brother economists the good service of collecting and recording a large number of fresh examples and crucial instances, which will, we hope, replace some of the rather worn-out illustrations of the ordinary text-book. But the uneconomic reader may turn with greater interest to the chapters on the Sweating

System, Profit-sharing Schemes, and the Co-operative Movement. On all these subjects Mr. Schloss has a good deal to say that is fresh and acute. Slumming philanthropists will not be enthusiastic over his dispassionate account of the causes and results of what is loosely termed "sweating," but we believe that careful observers of East End poverty find little to differ from in his conclusions. In dealing with Co-operation he adopts the views of Miss Beatrice Potter rather than those of Mr. Vansittart Neale, but his own evident leaning is towards the *Artel* system of Russia, under which the workers associate in the supply of labour, but do not undertake either the provision of material or any of the commercial management or risk. One fundamental difficulty in the way of any *Artel* system in Western Europe is, however, its inherent incompatibility with the Trade Union yearning for a standard wage. Mr. Schloss scarcely gives consideration enough to the influence of Trade-Unionism in regulating both wages and the method of remuneration. There is every sign that defensive labour organisations will increase rather than diminish in influence, and no examination of methods of remuneration can be complete which does not take them fully into account. But Mr. Schloss appears to leave off, with regard to Trade-Unionism no less than to Co-operation and Profit-sharing, with a not undesigned vagueness as to his own personal views upon the future of these movements. His task as a scientific economist has been admirably performed; as a social reformer he seems inclined to "let down gently" the more enthusiastic prophets of all these panaceas.

HORSEMANSHIP.

HORSEMANSHIP AND RIDING FOR LADIES. By W. A. Kerr, V.C. London: George Bell & Sons. 1892.

MR. ERNEST BELL, the editor of the series of handbooks of athletic sports, has chosen a capital writer for all connected with horsemanship in Captain Kerr, who, possessed of a *stable* mind from his earliest years, and experienced in the rearing, purchasing, and training of horses of all kinds, is an accomplished gentleman rider on the flat, over hurdles, and "between the flags." What the author desiderates is space enough to give a full account of what he knows on the subject—so many lines are before him. But what he has done has been done admirably. He has set himself to give advice to those who never have ridden at all; then to those who, having ridden a little, are secretly convinced that they are next to making fools of themselves with their awkwardness; and, lastly, to those who, having ridden a good deal, and that very badly, are willing to take his hints and commence *de novo*.

The manège, or skill in handling, has never been very popular in this country. With *Punch*, one might truly say of many riders that they are "the futtiest men on an 'oss, and the 'ossiest men on fut." It is a marked fact, too, that recruits for the principal cavalry depôts have very rarely ridden a horse. But the art of equitation, as now taught in the British Army, is decidedly high—the difference between riding and being carried is now more favourable to true horsemanship than at the time when Napoleon the Great was reported to have said of our cavalry that if he possessed our horses he could readily beat our men.

The author strongly approves of the system of horse-breaking taught by Sydney Galvayne, whose wonderful taming of Lord Lyon is known to experts. This shows that science and humanity thoroughly beat ignorance and barbarity. A boy should be put on a pony from his earliest days if he is to be a thorough and graceful rider, for a pupil who has commenced late in life will find it very difficult to throw off a peculiar mannerism, just as in fencing or golf. Artistic riding implies something more than mere boldness; it means the mesmeric influence—the brain, the eye, the nerve, the muscles, all unconsciously acting on the aids together—of the man pleasantly guiding and easily bending the horse to his will. In fact, according to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, the art of horsemanship cannot be collected together in a proverb, nor can there be one universal lesson for acquiring it. Some useful hints are given about the choice and purchase of a horse. He dwells with singular tact on true and safe action, as essential both to horse and rider. Nothing is more unsightly than the far too common habit of "dishing," or "paddling"—that is, when the foreleg, from the knee downwards, is not lifted from the ground and carried forward in the plane along which his whole body is moving. Whyte Melville used to admire the handiness with the feet, which he called "patting buttercups," so common to first-rate Arabs.

Capital instruction is then given on mounting—pointing out by illustrations from instantaneous photographs how not to mount as well as how to successfully perform it with and without stirrups. Special attention is given to the securing of a good "seat." Men who look stiff in the saddle, like the old dead Cid on Bavieca, are seldom ideal horsemen; they tire themselves and fatigue their horses. As a rule, tall men have not a strong seat; though Colonel Anstruther Thomson of Charleton is a noted exception. The grip and seat are only to be acquired by riding, as the famous Numidian Cavalry of Carthage, stirrupless. Captain Percy Williams, as brilliant a rider over a country as ever cheered a hound, attributed all his strength in the saddle to his early training of riding without stirrups. The stirrup should be regarded as a mere accessory support, and not an absolute necessity. "Ye've nae grip wi' yire thees" can be said of more than the get-up yeoman of Professor Aytoun, because they have depended too much on the stirrup in their training. Most horses, if carefully taught, when signalled by leg pressure, respond at once by breaking into any pace—from the walk to the trot, canter, and gallop, or by turning in any direction. And nothing is better calculated to calm and steady a horse, to make him obedient to his master's will in any circumstances, than the confidence he feels in the voice he is accustomed to hear, in tones of kindness, reproof, or commendation—

> "Soothe him with praise, and make him understand
> The loud applauses of his master's hand."

This is the secret of the Arab's proverbial whispering in his horse's ear.

Of course the author is down upon the abuse of the spur; he is shocked at the cruelties inflicted by the untimely and far too free application of the rowels. These "persuaders" have, however, been used for more than three thousand years; for *parash*, the ancient Egyptian for rider, is said to have been derived from the Hebrew root to spur. Of course in eradicating vice, or in urging a horse to jump at a fence he stubbornly refuses to take, the spur is very useful; but if a good horse is able, it is generally willing to do its best without the spur, which should therefore be the last resource of the rider. As there is a key to every mouth, provided the rider knows the high art of applying it, there should be great care exercised in the selection of the proper bit. A perfect hand is what in pianoforte-playing the "touch" is in contradistinction to the execution. It is painful to witness the continuous tugging at a bridle. In fact, Allan McDonogh, whose name as one of the finest steeple-chase riders of all time will be long remembered, steered Sailor to victory over a very severe course, having for the last mile and a half nothing but his whip to guide with—the throat-lash being broken. The author has patented a bit for useful work. Saddlery, feeding, and shoeing have their due place.

His chapter on "Riding for Ladies" is exceedingly interesting, though there will be a difference of opinion about the adoption of the cross-seat—in plain words, riding, *à la cavalière*, astride in a man's

saddle. Travellers notice the fact that women never ride sideways. The side-saddle was first introduced here by Anne of Luxembourg, Richard II.'s queen; but in Mexico the magnificent horsewomen, who never tire in the saddle, ride *à la Duchesse de Berri*. Some thirty years ago the ex-Queen of Naples, the most beautiful woman of her time and the most accomplished horsewoman, used to ride with the cross-saddle. She wore a high and pointed crowned felt hat, a long white cloak, patent leather jackboots, and gilt spurs. Mrs. Isabella Bird, the extensive traveller and writer, strongly advocates this system, which she herself adopted. Of course this fashion, if it is to be introduced, must emanate from the rising generation, and must not be taken to without medical advice. The horse will certainly benefit by the change. Very useful hints are appended on the training of ponies for children. The author writes in a pleasing, sometimes humorous, style, and his pages are illustrated with numerous excellent and suitable drawings.

FICTION.

1. King of the Castle. By G. Manville Fenn. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

2. His Sister's Hand. By C. J. Wills. Three vols. London: Griffith, Farran & Co.

Mr. Manville Fenn's "King of the Castle" is a melodramatic novel; it bears the marks of melodrama upon almost every page. Mr. Gartram, who is known as "the king of the castle," owns a granite quarry. He has at one time lost a large sum of money by the failure of a bank, and now keeps his treasure concealed in his house. There is reason for his distrust; the banks of fiction always fail. Mr. Gartram employed in his quarry a man called Isaac Woodham, who insisted on blasting with dynamite instead of the powder which he had been told to use, and being, moreover, a nervous bungler, got himself fatally injured. He decided—on, we think, insufficient evidence—that Mr. Gartram was responsible for the accident, and requested his wife to swear that she would take vengeance.

"There was a terrible silence in the narrow chamber, and the dying man's eyes were fixed upon hers as she laid her hand upon his brow and spoke firmly—

"'I swear.'"

There is an old-fashioned ring about this kind of oath, and we are not at all surprised to find the revengeful Sarah Woodham using that pleasant formula, "The time will come." And yet, when we read of such scenes as these, we feel that there is something missing; we want the limelight and the faint trembling of the violin-strings. If we are to be as Adelphic as this, we would be more Adelphic still. However, the expiring Woodham takes eighteen hyphens to eleven lines of dialogue; and this liberal punctuation makes the death-bed very life-like. Mr. Gartram has a daughter; and even as the Bellman knew that a certain place was just the place for a Snark, the experienced reviewer will see that this is just the book for a stern father who would arrange his daughter's marriage. "I like him," says Mr. Gartram of the proposed husband; "he is the man I wish to have for my son-in-law, and he loves you. Those are strong enough points for me, and I'll have no opposition!" She answers with one word of pathetic appeal: "Father!" Once more we miss the sympathetic music. The poor daughter loves another man, and her father has turned him out. "Dare to come upon my premises again," he says to this unhappy but heroic lover, "and, damme, sir, I'll—I'll shoot you!" What stage-father could be more paternal than this, or more stagey? We have here, moreover, one character who is completely in the power of another character, a low-comedy barber, and a poison-scene of great intensity. "*Quid plura dicam?*" as the Latin orators were wont to exclaim when they had thoroughly exhausted their evidence. We would not be understood to condemn "King of the Castle"; but we think that we have said enough to show that it might be successfully dramatised. The book has its merits; its plot is ingenious and interesting; some of its scenes are sensational and thrilling. The choice of the old fashions and old materials seems to have been quite deliberate on the part of the author. We imagine that he knows very well when he is being conventional and melodramatic; and a book with an exciting story in it has a very fair chance of being popular. Indeed, Mr. Manville Fenn is probably able by this time to suit with ease the taste of the average reader.

Criticism at the end of this century is peculiarly happy. Critics will not go wrong nowadays from want of advice. We have the reviewers of reviewers to lead us; we may, if we will, sit at their feet and hear their voices. "The greater number of books should not be reviewed at all," says one. "Never notice the faults of a book," says another; "point out its merits." And if these conclusions should not prove entirely helpful and illuminative, we have publishers who will tell us out of their own bountiful hearts what they think of the works that they publish. It may be cynical to question the impartiality of such notices, but it is quite impossible to doubt their kindliness. With "His Sister's Hand" we find a new development. The reviewer is requested by the publisher not to reveal the secret, which the reader will only discover at the end of the third volume. We would not say that this limitation was unreasonable, but we plead that it is most certainly a limitation. How can we tell Dr. Wills that his conclusion is utterly inartistic and unsatisfactory, unless we are prepared to justify the statement by references to the story itself? However, we grant the request. But, unfortunately, this story has every right to its claim to rank as a puzzle; it is almost impossible to speak of its subject without hinting at the conclusion. Dr. Wills writes with the facility of long practice and with a commonplace style. His description of the hero's experiences when he attempts journalism read as if they were very much founded on fact, and will be to some a salutary revelation. He has depicted for us a curate who is neither an Agnostic nor an amusing imbecile. If these things are merits, we gladly acknowledge them. They are merits well within the reach of anyone who writes at all.

BOTH SIDES IN ENGLISH POLITICS.

A Handbook to Political Questions of the Day, and the Arguments on Either Side. By Sydney Buxton, M.P. Eighth Edition, Revised, and with New Subjects. London: John Murray. 1892.

Nearly a year ago—to be precise, on May 16th, 1891—we dealt very fully with the instruction in politics provided by Mr. Sydney Buxton in his little "Political Manual." That Manual is an abridgment of the work of which the eighth edition is now before us. We need add little to what we then said. The arguments *pro* and *con.* on all the leading political controversies of the day are excellently summarised and impartially stated; and the value of the book is considerably increased by the inclusion of a number of new subjects: among them various aspects of the Eight Hours Question; Simultaneous Elections and Second Ballots; London Municipal Reform and the municipalisation of water, tramways, gas, and markets; Taxation of Ground Values; Betterment; and the Immigration of Pauper Aliens. There is, moreover, a sensible introduction on English party government. The historical summaries prefixed to several of the sections are mostly very useful. Perhaps the least satisfactory of the book is that on Disestablishment. Mr. Buxton does not notice that the "Church of England" is not one organised body at all—economically, at any rate—but a group of separate corporations; while many of its members would dispute the statement that its doctrines are "Protestant" Episcopal, and deny that they were settled for it in 1562, or 1571, or at any other time. Nor are we quite sure that he does not share the haziness of Lord Randolph Churchill and other Constitutionalists as to who the "Estates of the Realm" are, or were. But we may, on the whole, cordially commend this book as a timely and valuable contribution to the political teaching of which the "educated" masses, even more than the "uneducated," on both sides stand sorely in need.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THIRTEEN years ago, when the late Mr. John Noble—a man who in an unassuming way did yeoman service for the Liberal party—first published his "Facts for Politicians," he explained, in two or three words, the object of the book. "The intention of this work," so ran the preface, "is to supply accurate information, in a form convenient for reference, with respect to the political questions which chiefly interest constituencies. It is the aim of the author to give a faithful record of facts, with references to his authorities, and thus to supply a manual which may be found useful at the approaching General Election." The book proved of great service to Parliamentary candidates, and other active politicians on the platform and in the Press, in the contest which led to the downfall of the last Administration of Lord Beaconsfield. Since then great changes have passed over the nation, and greater changes in all probability are impending; therefore, this revised and cheap edition of a book which contains an armoury of facts and statistics appears opportunely now that another General Election is rapidly approaching. In an interesting biographical preface, which Mr. G. H. Perris contributes to the present popular issue of the work, it is stated that the book has been overhauled and brought up to date by judicious additions and subtractions. It opens with a rapid survey of labour legislation since 1842, and it deals—to cite but a few typical examples—with the problems which are presented by the liquor traffic, the National Debt, Imperial and local taxation, free education, and the policy of the Liberal party towards Ireland. Mr. Noble writes forcibly and concisely, but he has not always the knack of marshalling his facts to the greatest advantage. Yet the book as it stands is not merely a worthy memorial of an ardent and indefatigable political and social reformer, but it throws considerable light on many of the vexed questions of the hour.

In brief and sensible terms directions are given to "Electors and Election Agents" for the conduct of Parliamentary, Municipal, and County Council struggles, by Mr. A. J. Ellis. The volume is one of a series of legal handbooks, and it only professes to deal with the practical questions which arise from day to day during the progress of an election. Explicit directions are given concerning nomination papers, returning officers, the counting of votes, the declaration of the poll, legal expenditure, and other matters of detail which are not always clear even to the minds of responsible officials. Mr. Ellis's handbook appears at the right moment, and as it meets a recognised want we have little doubt that it will gain a welcome.

"Mediæval Scotland" is the title of a group of papers on the agriculture, manufactures, revenue, commerce, and other phases of national activity in that country at a remote period. Dr. Cochran-Patrick has gathered together, by painstaking research in half-forgotten archives, many curious facts concerning the social and industrial life of Scotland in the Middle Ages. Information concerning the state of rural economy in Scotland in feudal times has been chiefly gleaned, for the purposes of this work, from the chartularies and registers of the great religious houses; and fortunately such records give a tolerably exact account of the condition of agriculture from the eleventh to the close of the thirteenth centuries. The monks did their best to promote agriculture, and they themselves lived on the fat of the land. They were strict landlords, and were too prone to lay burdens on their tenants. Strict rules prevailed for the protection of growing corn; and wherever roads were found, tolls were exacted. In the "Custuma Portuum," which is traditionally ascribed to David I., certain duties are imposed on shipping, which go to prove even at that time the existence of considerable commerce. Space compels us to leave unmentioned other points of interest discussed in these pages, but we have perhaps said enough to indicate the scope of a book which seeks to direct the attention of students to the original records from which as complete an account of Mediæval Scotland as is now possible may yet be compiled.

Professor Marshall Ward has just contributed to Sir John Lubbock's "Modern Science Series" a monograph—which ought to be popular, and certainly is scientific—on "The Oak," a tree which holds a unique position in the song and sentiment of England. It is not, however, with the folk-lore or the romance which has gathered around the famous tree that this book is concerned; but in Professor Marshall Ward's hands the story of the oak, from a biological point of view, proves hardly less fascinating a theme. He terms the volume a popular introduction to forest botany, and we do not think it would be possible in a phrase to indicate more exactly its characteristics. The annual increment of timber in a vigorous oak-tree goes on increasing slightly during the first hundred years of growth. Trees grown in closely planted preserves shoot up to a considerable height, and develop tall, straight trunks with few or no branches; but oaks which grow in isolated positions are much shorter, more branched and spreading, and they produce the toughest and most closely grained timber. Such exposed trees generally develop fruit and fertile seeds thirty and forty years sooner than oaks which grow in plantations. The book contains a number of careful diagrams, and is written with clearness and ability.

Unquestionably the best short biography of Charles Haddon Spurgeon which has yet appeared is the volume of scarcely more than a hundred pages which Mr. G. Holden Pike has just written for the group of books entitled the "World's Workers." For upwards of twenty years the author enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Spurgeon, and during a considerable portion of that time he was closely associated in literary enterprises with the distinguished pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Mr. Pike accordingly writes from the standpoint of intimate knowledge; and though his book is little more than a plain statement of facts, the impressive record is brightened occasionally by slight reminiscences or personal allusions which lift the volume above the level of hasty and catch-penny compilations. Judgment and good taste are both apparent in these pages; and though Mr. Pike everywhere makes the reader feel how deep is his reverence for the character of his friend, he has too genuine a respect for Mr. Spurgeon to belittle so great and beneficent a life with thoughtless and extravagant praise.

Comparatively few people, we imagine, read nowadays Thomson's "Seasons," and "Castle of Indolence," and yet Messrs. Chatto and Windus have had the courage to bring out a new edition, duly prefaced by the old introduction which Allan Cunningham wrote for a generation of readers with whom James Thomson was still a fashionable poet. Pope regarded Thomson as an "elegant and philosophical" poet; whilst Cowper, Johnson, and Wordsworth in turn paid him handsome compliments. Oliver Goldsmith sat lightly to his merits, and Horace Walpole, with characteristic spleen, endeavoured to sneer him out of court. Many of his literary achievements are already practically forgotten, but "The Seasons," and "Castle of Indolence," though not much now in vogue, are likely to hold their own until descriptive poetry has ceased to charm. We should be glad to think that the appearance of this new edition indicated a revived interest in the poetic interpretation of Nature, and in the hope that it may at all events contribute to that end we bid the book welcome.

Many people will doubtless be glad to know that a cheap edition, in one volume, of the "Life of Laurence Oliphant" has promptly appeared. Man of the world and mystic by turns, versatile, brilliant, and at times incomprehensible, Laurence Oliphant deserves to be remembered and—thanks to his distinguished kinswoman's vivid and artistic portraiture—is not likely to be forgotten. It is perfectly true that "Piccadilly" and "Altiora Peto" possess vitality enough to secure for their author an assured if modest place amongst the novelists of the Queen's reign; but, after all, Laurence Oliphant himself was vastly more interesting than any of his own literary creations. He was a man in whose strange career faith and fanaticism were oddly blended with genuine wit and cynical shrewdness, and indeed with many other purely mundane characteristics. Before Mrs. Oliphant took up her pen, it seemed as if the singular and attractive personality of a man who in his time assuredly played many parts was about to recede almost entirely from the public view; but that danger is now happily averted. There are problems in Laurence Oliphant's history which this biography does not solve, but in the main the world can gather from its pages a vivid and accurate impression of a man who, even to himself, was always more or less of an enigma.

* FACTS FOR POLITICIANS. By John Noble, author of "Fiscal Legislation," etc. etc. Portrait. A new and revised edition. London: Henry Good & Son, 12, Moorgate Street. Crown 8vo. (1s. and 2s.)

HANDBOOK OF ELECTORS AND ELECTION AGENTS. By A. J. Ellis. "Legal Handbooks." London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo.

MEDIÆVAL SCOTLAND. By R. W. Cochran-Patrick, LL.D., B.A. Illustrated. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. Demy 8vo.

THE OAK: A POPULAR INTRODUCTION TO FOREST BOTANY. By H. Marshall Ward, M.A., F.R.S. Illustrated. ("Modern Science Series.") London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Crown 8vo.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON. By G. Holden Pike. Portrait. ("The World's Workers.") London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

THE SEASONS, AND CASTLE OF INDOLENCE. By James Thomson. With an Introduction by Allan Cunningham. New edition. London: Chatto & Windus. Crown 8vo.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT AND OF ALICE OLIPHANT, HIS WIFE. By Margaret Oliphant. New edition. Portrait. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. Demy 8vo.

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